

THE ACADEMY

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

WE deal with the political situation elsewhere, but to-day (Wednesday), as we go to press, there has been an interesting development, and the wildest rumours are going round as to what the Government really intends to do. The King has returned suddenly to town, and there is to be another Cabinet Council this afternoon, following Mr. Asquith's visit to Buckingham Palace. There is no doubt that Lord Lansdowne's demand in the House of Lords for the speedy production of the Veto Bill has placed the Government in an extremely awkward dilemma, and there now seems to be a very general impression that no dissolution will take place until November 23, which will give the Government time to pass the Veto Bill, with the aid of the guillotine, through the Commons, and then give the Lords the best part of a week in which to consider it. But it is of little use the Government making plans. They may propose, but the Dollar King disposes, and if his omnipotency should not feel inclined to wait a week, then Mr. Asquith can only escape a humiliating defeat by immediate dissolution, unless, indeed, the Opposition should see fit to keep him in power for a few days longer.

If there is no dissolution until November 23, then the prospects of a January election are considerably strengthened. In addition to the fact that the new register will not come into force until January, there are other cogent arguments against an appeal to the country in December. There are thousands of small shopkeepers throughout the country who rely on their Christmas trading to give them a credit balance on their ledgers at the end of the year, and there has been a universal protest against disturbing their trade in this all-important

month. Therefore, the side which deliberately forced an election in December would be likely to incur a considerable amount of unpopularity.

Now that the Conference has failed, we note that the Unionist leaders have lost no time in stating that the reform of the House of Lords is an essential and integral plank in their platform. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has given notice that he will move the following resolution at the Liberal Unionist Conference on Friday week :—

1. That this Conference, believing that the maintenance of an efficient Second Chamber is essential to the protection of our liberties, expresses its satisfaction at the steps which the House of Lords has already taken to promote its own reform, and at its acceptance of the principle that the possession of a Peerage should no longer of itself give the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords.

2. That we shall heartily welcome any reasonable proposals for increasing the efficiency and representative character of that House by the addition of Peers for life or of representatives elected for a term of years from outside.

3. That we believe that there need be no serious difficulty in reasonably adjusting such differences as may from time to time arise between the House of Commons and a reformed Second Chamber ;

But that if such differences arise in connection with great and vital issues, particularly when those issues affect the Constitution itself, it is the people, and the people alone, who have a right to decide when the two Houses fail to agree.

Many Unionists consider that the reform of the House of Lords is essential, and that it is necessary to remove the hereditary taint and to strengthen the Second Chamber, so that it may stand for ever as a bulwark between the true interests of the country and the wild schemes of unscrupulous demagogues. Mr. Snowden, a faithful ally of the Government and an avowed Socialist, is very frank, and lets the cat out of the bag without the smallest hesitation. This is what he has to say :—

The abolition of the veto is only sought as a preliminary step to the abolition of the House of Lords ; in fact, it is simply a device to bind and gag the Peers to prevent them struggling while their execution is carried out.

Last week we praised Mr. Churchill's prompt action in despatching troops to the Rhonda Valley to check the riots. But it appears that we acted on mistaken information, and that Mr. Churchill is solely to blame for the looting of Tonypandy, because at the last moment he countermanded the order, and had detachments of the Metropolitan Police sent instead. There has been a debate in the House of Commons on this subject, and Mr. Churchill could only put up very poor defence. All authorities are agreed in saying that had the troops arrived earlier on the scene, which they might easily have done, the two or three hundred hooligans who looted Tonypandy could easily have been held in check. Thus

Mr. Churchill's fear of arousing the anger of Mr. Lloyd George and his Welsh followers has worked out at the somewhat expensive figure of £30,000. We commend these facts to the people of England at the coming General Election. Meanwhile, although rioting has ceased, the mass of the miners still remain out, and there has been a serious theft of explosives—a very disquieting sign of the true state of affairs.

The news of the serious illness of Count Tolstoi will concentrate attention for a while on the work and life of this great Russian writer. That he is great in some ways, despite his extreme views on many subjects, can hardly be denied; the mind that gave us "Anna Karénina," for example, is equipped with high capacities for analysis of human nature and human frailty. Tolstoi's illness seems to have been induced by exposure in the course of a journey which he suddenly and somewhat mysteriously undertook. Leaving his home on Thursday, the 10th, without a word of spoken explanation, accompanied only by his family physician, he was compelled to rest at Ostapovo, on his route to the South of Russia, and there he remains, exhausted, tortured by fever, and occasionally half-unconscious. His great age renders his condition the more alarming, and we can well believe that the Russian people are anxious about him.

To the Englishman, who is not as a rule fond of extremists, whatever form their obsession may take, Tolstoi's later writings did not make an overwhelming appeal. Few people gifted with ordinary powers of discrimination and judgment could read his "Essays" and agree wholly with their strongly biassed presentations of life's problems, or subscribe unreservedly to their dogmatic conclusions. Were some of the author's ideas logically carried out, there would soon be no problems to trouble us—and no one left to trouble about them, for the human race would die out in the course of a generation or so. The fact seems to be that the great man is often more or less of a "crank," although the inversion of this axiom is by no means true. Tolstoi's sincerity no one doubts; his life, of late years, has in a remarkable manner interpreted his views, and, in spite of remonstrance and opposition, he has gone his own way serenely, living plainly when luxury was at his call, labouring with his hands when at a word from him others would have served him bountifully.

The sneer which superficial thinkers have indulged in is, of course, that Tolstoi had his "good time" when he was young, for not until he was nearly fifty did he set his face in the direction of reform. It is impossible not to see some pertinence in the remark; but it should be remembered that it could have been no easy matter to break completely and irrevocably from the allures of the gay and dissolute circle in which his early manhood was spent. Some sternness of character and a formidable purpose must have been necessary—qualities which were probably unexpected in the young officer, surrounded by an atmosphere of vicious suggestions, choosing his companions from the youthful point of view. Tolstoi's life presents a curious puzzle to the philosophic and critical observer, and towards its close the unworldly Russian enthusiast seems about to complicate it still more deeply.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE

Love that by breath can be shaken,
Love that can shake with a breath!
Love that is lighter than laughter,
Love that is stronger than death!
Which of the winds of the morning,
Which of the waves of the sea,
Deep in Plutonian bowers,
Wove thee of flame and of flowers,
Gave thee a world as thy fee?

Which of the eagle's brood, flying,
Which of the creatures that run,
Saw thee, encrowned and gigantic,
Step from the doors of the sun;
Pass through the portals of evening,
Leap from the mansions of light,
Fall from the cloudy dominions,
Cleaving with purple-tipped pinions,
Star-spangled spaces of night?

Now there is fear in the palace:
Torches ensanguine the gloom,
Spearmen are swift on the stairways,
Faces are ashen with doom.
Sin hath caught hold of the sceptre,
Shame hath invaded the throne—
Lo, they are seeking to slay thee!
See, there is blood to dismay thee!—
Flower from the seed thou hast sown.

Now there is joy in the cottage:
Rushes are strewn on the floor,
Lilies are white at the window,
Roses are red by the door,
Garlanded maidens are singing,
Each with a harp at her breast—
See! What is that they are shedding?
Lo, it is wine for a wedding,
Strange and inscrutable Guest!

E. A. M.

OUR MASTER BUILDERS

AN intimate knowledge of the House of Lords, extending over some thirty years, leads us to think that quack remedies for imaginary diseases are to be deprecated. The word "reform" is supposed to sound pleasantly in the popular ear. As a matter of fact it does nothing of the kind. The honest, evenly-balanced man, who takes an interest in politics, knows that the House of Lords, logically indefensible, transacts its business admirably. The Lower House—much lower since Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill have graced the Treasury Bench—is not an efficient body. In the committee-rooms the members are excellent, businesslike, and straightfor-

ward. In the limelight, with the Speaker in the chair, they are always playing to the gallery, and prostituting politics for selfish ends.

This will be thought a hard saying, but hard or not, it is true; not, of course, of all members, but of a larger number than we care to think of. If our thesis can be gainsaid, our case falls to the ground. Our case is that a single Chamber or a dominant Chamber composed of such elements would be a menace to the State. We do not wish to be uncomplimentary, but we should not anticipate good results from mob rule.

The vice of the House of Lords is that it is not now an aristocratic assembly, and its plebian members are not impervious to what is called public opinion. What is called public opinion is not public opinion at all. It is only the exhalations of throaty politicians who have a monopoly in liking the sound of their own voices. The House of Lords should take no notice of such persons; the police have definite functions to perform.

The motto of the House of Lords is "Be just, and fear not," an excellent motto for blue blood, but not assimilable by persons who sit in the House afflicted with an anæmic fluid of no particular colour at all. Hence all this twaddle about reform, and the flight from the path of duty when the country condemned the Budget, but the House of Commons, as the result of a bargain, endorsed it.

The House of Lords, if it had been just and had not feared, would have again rejected the aberration of an irresponsible Minister.

As matters stand, the House of Lords has pleaded guilty, when the jury of the nation would have acquitted it. Sentence must, of course, be passed, and it is quite an open question whether a House which has condemned itself is worth preserving. Better perhaps would it be that the worthy members of the peerage should transfer their influence to the House of Commons, where many of them have sat with credit previous to their succession to disability. Their influence in the thick of the fray would be undoubted, and it would be a more worthy rôle than sitting in a sham Chamber, and quaking with fear at the raucous blustering of a red-capped proletariat.

We observe that Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who does not exactly belong to the aristocracy of the country, is making himself responsible for three resolutions. The third resolution is innocuous and a truism. Of course, there is no difficulty in adjusting differences of opinion between the two Houses, assuming that they act bona fide and with a sole view to the interests of the nation. That, however, is an assumption which cannot be supported at present. Therefore the third resolution is only wind. The first two resolutions simply aim at diluting a strong Chamber with elements which are foreign and probably antagonistic to it. The main object being to enable pompous and inflated persons to add "lord" as a prefix to their names. It is not remembered that titles can be made so cheap that no self-respecting persons would submit to being labelled with one. We have had a Barebones Parliament once, which was extinguished amidst general derision. A tinker or a tailor may be an excellent legis-

lator, but why should he be called "Lord Tinker" or "Lord Tailor"?

The solution is, if the House of Lords does not respond to the requirements of the day, let it be abolished. Let a second Chamber be evolved which wiseacres think is better adapted to the needs of the times. Let it be purged of dukes, who are only the mark for the vulgar abuse of a Welsh attorney, and let it be composed of respectable nonentities who imagine that they are doing something useful in registering the decisions of a Socialistic and disorderly House, composed mainly of the undesirable elements in the State.

THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

ON Thursday, November 10, the Prime Minister announced the complete failure of the Conference to arrive at a settlement of the question of the veto of the House of Lords. The Council of Eight have pledged each other to secrecy. We protest against this reservation. We consider that it is in the interest of all parties to know just how near the Conference was to arriving at a practical solution of the Veto Question, and where it finally failed. Not one of our readers who has followed the political situation in the columns of this paper for the last three months will be in the least surprised at the unfortunate ending to this much-applauded political experiment. From the very first we maintained that it was bound to end in failure, and as far back as July 2 we warned our readers in the following terms to be prepared for a General Election:—"Can the Conference arrive at any definite understanding agreeable to all parties? Candidly, we do not believe that it can. . . . If the Constitutional ship is to be lightened and safely brought to port, a great deal of its explosive cargo will have to be jettisoned. Which particular section of either party is to be called upon to make the sacrifice? Will any section be content to arrive in port without its baggage?" Ever since that date, whilst almost the whole of the Press has from time to time held out prospects of peace and settlement, we have never ceased to reiterate that all would end in smoke.

This being so, let us face the issue boldly, and rush eagerly into the fight, conscious of the ever-increasing strength of our cause, and determined to conquer at all costs. We for our part are relieved that the mists of uncertainty and intrigue have been swept away, and that we are once more in for a good stand-up fight, such as all Englishmen love. We are poor negotiators, but good fighters, and, as was always meant to be the case in our democratic Constitution, the matter must now be settled by the people, and not by the mystic eight behind barred doors. Therefore, let every true patriot gird up his loins, put on his armour, and take his stand in the Unionist ranks, to fight the forces of disruption. The struggle will come early in December, without a doubt, because the so-called friends of the people prefer to fight on the old register rather than the new, and thus defranchise a large minority of their countrymen.

The coming election will be the most momentous in the history of Parliamentary institutions, either in this or any other country. The issues before the people are few in number and easily understandable. Shorn of cant and

rhetoric, they amount to this: Are we going to have a reformed Second Chamber, or no Second Chamber at all? This is the crux of the whole situation. Both sides are agreed that the mere possession of a title should no longer enable its holder to claim a seat in the House of Lords; but whereas the Liberal-Socialist-Nationalist coalition wish to sweep the Second Chamber out of existence, or to render it so impotent that it will be little more than a name, the Conservative Party wish to strengthen the Second Chamber, to make it truly representative of all that is best in our national life, and to rid it of the reproach of its hereditary taint. It is for the people of this country to say which they will have. We for our part are sure of their answer. We cannot believe for one moment that the mass of Englishmen are prepared to hand over their lives and their property to the tender mercies of the Celtic gang, to be disposed of just as the leaders of that heterogeneous collection of divergent interests may direct. This would indeed be selling our birthright for a mess of pottage. As long as the present administration remains in power England is at the mercy of the Dollar Dictator, John Redmond. He holds the whip hand. He pulls the strings, and his office-loving puppets, Asquith, Lloyd George, Churchill, and Co., must dance as he directs. They are powerless in the House of Commons unless supported by the Nationalists. The Second Chamber is to be swept away by American gold, and the path thus prepared for Home Rule. Was there ever such a brazen transaction in the history of any nation. Its cynical character would be positively amusing were it not so serious. Ireland, supposed to be groaning under the tyranny of England and sobbing for freedom, although she has just borrowed 200 millions of British gold, refuses to spare a penny of this gigantic sum towards the obtainment of self-government. Her liberators are therefore obliged to go to America to secure the funds necessary to enable them to carry on their campaign. They beg £40,000 from the bargemen of Buffalo, from railway porters, and from Trust magnates, who desire to see Free Trade maintained in this country so that they may continue to dump their surplus goods duty free on these shores. Fortified by this sum the Dollar King comes home and holds up all the machinery of Government until his demands are complied with. The Government is obliged to upset the Constitution in order to propitiate the Dictator, and our great English system of Parliamentary Government, which has stood the test of six hundred years, which has been the model for, and admiration of, the nations throughout the world, is now to be bought for the paltry sum of £40,000. If Englishmen are going to put up with this kind of blackmail, then the sooner the Germans come the better. But we do not believe for one moment that they will. Patriotism is not altogether dead. We have still a few good men left, who place the safety and glory of the Empire above party considerations. We believe the country will be saved again, as it has so often been saved in the past, by that large element of non-party men who vote strictly according to the merits of the case presented to them. It is the duty of every Unionist to appeal to this class. Let all side issues be put on one side and let us fight for our political freedom. Let all true patriots combine to smash this coalition, and disperse its discordant elements to the Scotch moors, Welsh hills, and Irish bogs, from whence they spring.

Mr. Churchill, that prince of political opportunists, recognising the weakness of the Liberal position, has not lost a moment in trying to throw dust into the eyes of the electorate. He has anticipated his colleagues, and has issued an insolent manifesto to his constituents, full of blazen mendacity and sickly dribble about the House of Lords. But the public will not be deceived. The House of Lords does not stand between them and their freedom; it stands at the present day as the sole barrier between an Englishman and the preservation of all that he holds nearest and dearest to him. Once this barrier is removed there is an end to all true liberty in this country. We shall be at the mercy of any chance majority or coalition which, although hating one another, will combine to rob and to destroy. At the coming election there can be no cry of the Lords rejecting the people's Budget; although had all parties voted according to their true opinions there would have been a majority against the Budget in this present Parliament. The Lords passed it, after duly taking the opinion of the people, and therefore the cry of "Down with the tyranny of the Peers" will fall on singularly barren ground. The Unionist battle cry at the General Election must be: "Down with the tyranny of the Dollar Dictator. Down with the man who will sell the Constitution and break up the Empire to secure eighty Irish votes."

Mr. Asquith did not meet the House on Tuesday and make his eagerly anticipated statement. It has been postponed until Friday, and on that date the country will know its fate. Both parties are ready for the fray, and a December election is almost certain. We hope that the precedent of 1885 will be followed, and that a Bill will be passed through the Commons to anticipate by a month the automatic coming into force of the new register. Lord Lansdowne has caused the Government fresh embarrassment by calling for the Veto Bill, to be produced for discussion in the House of Lords. This cannot be done until it has passed through the various stages in the House of Commons, and this may delay the dissolution for a short time, for the Government would be placed in an absurd position if they went to the country, with an appeal for the abolition of the Veto, when the Lords had never even rejected such a measure. But, on the other hand, if they try and rush it through the House, the Dictator may say, "Enough of this fooling," and bring about the defeat of the Government over a measure which he is anxious should become law. This would be the height of irony. We are, however, rather inclined to think that Mr. Asquith will refuse to carry on the Government without guarantees, and as these will most certainly not be forthcoming, he will advise an immediate dissolution.

GERMANY AS SHE IS—II

In the present short article it is proposed briefly to survey the various political parties which exist in the German Reichstag, to sketch their growth, and their influence in the formation of modern Germany.

Before the constitution of the German Empire in 1870, we must look for the makers of German history in the Prussian Landtag. For it was there, under the control of that Man of Iron, Bismarck, that the future of Germany was being decided.

The first party which imprinted the cry of German Unity on its banner was the so-called "Party of Pro-

gress," which in the year 1863 possessed a considerable majority in the Landtag. Although the Prime Minister and the Progressives were both striving for the same end, they came into collision over the question of Army reform. The dispute culminated in the daring determination of Bismarck to levy taxes without a Budget, counting on the success of his plans to create a reaction in his favour. Nor were his hopes to be disappointed. On July 3, 1866, at Koniggratz, in Northern Bohemia, Austrian influence in Germany was shattered. On the same day the elections for the Prussian Lower House took place. The country was at war, and the result of the conflict was uncertain. To the indiscriminating public Bismarck stood for the Army, and the Progressives against it. The latter, therefore, with admirable patriotism, voted "en masse" against the former's opponents, and the party of Progress disappeared. Disappeared, it is true, but only constantly to reappear under different names, and with its form altered to suit the character of the age. The indestructibility of matter has long since become a scientific platitude, and surely the indestructibility of ideas can take its place as an axiom of metaphysics. The Phoenix which arose from the ashes of the Progressives was the party of the "National Liberals." Their efforts may be compared to those of the Constituent Assembly in France between the years 1789-1792, which legislated during three years, so to speak, in the air. The anarchy which prevailed throughout France, and the terror which the mob of Paris inspired, prevented any of its reforms becoming effective. But its legislative work afterwards served as a foundation on which to build up modern France.

And so it was in Prussia; only in this case it was the Iron Chancellor who temporarily nullified the Landtag's efforts. The National Liberals in debate drew up admirable schemes for German Unity. But Bismarck held the reins of power, and carried through the work of cementing together the scattered limbs of Germany on his own autocratic principles. Afterwards, however, as with the Constituent Assembly, their theories served to build up the new Germany, which 1870 had called to life. The Liberals were at one with the Chancellor in their desire for Union, but their theories contained much that was ideal and unpractical, while Bismarck lived in a world of positive fact. They wished for a Ministry which should represent the people; they wished the new era to rise from the people. Bismarck, on the other hand, merely required a Ministry which represented his feelings and obeyed his orders. To him German Unity was to be conferred on the race by Prussian autocracy.

How the great statesman's plans were accomplished is now common knowledge. When he had unified Germany he sought to rid himself of his erstwhile Liberal allies. Now that the fight was over the Conservative parties could serve his interests better. The first principle of the Liberals was individualism. They lived to see the old iron-bound Germany destroyed, and the petty autocratic governments merged into the democratic Reichstag. They had lived to see the destruction of those guilds and corporations, relics of mediæval Europe, which had weighed upon the liberty of the individual. And now all this was swept away, and they looked for a golden age of liberty. Now, at last, was the German to be free to develop his individuality; now at last could he become a free agent. This worship of individualism naturally gave to the party an individual character, and rendered its foundations insecure. When the great Chancellor turned to his erstwhile associates, the party edifice crumbled away. In 1874 the Liberals counted 152 members; in 1881 only 45.

Bismarck's all-penetrating genius saw that the heterogeneous mass of German States and interests could best be welded by autocratic means. He therefore had need of the support of the Conservative element in the Reichstag, in order to legalise his projects. The Conservatives had in the meantime grown reconciled to the new German Empire, but wished to commit it to reactionary principles of government. To them the doctrine of individual liberty and freedom was mere madness. Now the Conservative

party, among other elements, was largely representative of the landed interest. The extraordinary development of German industries which followed the Union of 1870 caused a tendency for foreign agricultural produce to be imported as a counter-payment for German exports. The agricultural interest, therefore, raised the cry for a tariff wall to save them from foreign competition. Bismarck saw in the tariff a means of fostering the incipient industries of the Empire, and accordingly Germany was bound in by an ever-increasingly elaborate system of tariffs. We must now consider a curious feature of party government in Germany. Ever since 1870 neither the Conservative nor Liberal element has possessed a majority large enough to make either independent of the help of the great balancing party, the Centre. Ever since its creation in 1870 the Reichstag has been divided into three principal groups—the Right, the Centre, and the Left. Roughly speaking, the Right may be said to represent Conservative interests, and the Left Liberal; and, while the Centre is the Catholic party, with strong Conservative tendencies, other parties have risen and disappeared again since 1870, but the Centre remains ever firm and immutable. Since 1874 it has never varied from an average of ninety-six members by more than six. And the reason is, because, between the party and the electorate, stands that admirably organised body of servants, the priesthood of the Catholic Church. Owing to this constancy of numbers, and to the bond of union with which the Catholic religion provides its members, the Centre has during fifty years occupied the same position as the Irish party does in our present Parliament. It has no programme of its own, but forms, as it were, a parliament within a parliament. Policy is initiated by the Right or Left and debated in the Reichstag, while the Centre, as it were, debates within itself as to whether to support or oppose the measure. As no Bill can be passed without the support of the Centre, this party has naturally exercised considerable influence in German politics. Bismarck, after the storm of the "Kulturkampf" had died down, hastened to make peace with the Centre, in order to work with a combined majority of the Right and the Centre. And the Catholics were no less eager to make peace, for they saw a means of making the voice of the Catholic Church supreme in the empire by the sale of their political support. By the combination of Conservatives and Catholics under the Chancellor, the dream of Liberal individualism was supplanted by the reality of reactionary centralisation. But in the meantime, the workmen of Germany had discovered that the individual is helpless, unless he be amply provided with the means of subsistence; that the individual workman is at the mercy of the capitalist, and can only hope to better his position by collective bargaining, and therefore the working classes of Germany rejected the principles of the Liberals, and started to reach for a policy of their own, for their freedom could only be attained by the formation of associations and unions, and hence the birth of the Social Democratic party. There were then in Germany two tendencies, the one represented by the Right and Centre, all powerful under the direction of Bismarck, striving to organise the Empire from above. The other, incipient and weak, represented by a handful of Social Democratic members, striving for the organisation of the Empire from below.

In 1877 the Social Democrats in the Reichstag numbered only twelve, and yet they inspired the Chancellor with feelings of apprehension. It was fear of these twelve forerunners of the party of the future that caused Bismarck to pass his "Ausnahmsgesetz"—i.e., exceptional Law—by means of which Socialistic propaganda was to be rigorously suppressed. Further, in order to quiet the aspirations of the working classes, he introduced a system of State Socialism, if we can call it such. Elaborate insurance, old-age pensions, and factory acts were passed, which it was hoped would appease the demands of the proletariat and render it more dependent on the State. But, despite these measures, the workmen have realised that their individual interests are best served by the forma-

tion of Trade Unions. Everyone now belongs to a union; life has become highly organised, and it is in this intermediate system of organisation between the Reichstag and the electorate that the strength of the Socialist party lies.

On the accession of Kaiser Wilhelm II., in 1888, Bismarck was at the summit of his power; the *Ausnahmsgesetz* was in force, and he had a submissive Conservative majority in the Reichstag. But such was the influence of the monarchy in modern Germany, that an expression of disapproval on the part of the young Emperor of Bismarck's policy, served to break up the Chancellor's majority. Then when his iron hand was removed, the Social Democratic movement burst forth with all the force which long suppression engenders. In 1887 there were eleven Social Democratic members in the Reichstag; in 1893 there were eighty-one. But these eighty-one represent $3\frac{1}{2}$ million voters, out of an electorate of some 11 millions, and a more equitable distribution of the suffrage would lead to a considerable increase of their numbers in the Reichstag.

We have now briefly sketched the developments of the principal parties. A study of the tendencies of party politics in modern Germany must be reserved for a further essay.

S. A. B.

MOTORS UP TO DATE

THE Olympia Show of 1910 is over, and has shown more than ever the ability of the English manufacturer to hold his own against, and even beat, the foreigner, in the manufacture of high and low-powered cars, both as regards price, efficiency, and workmanship. The progress of the moderate-powered vehicle this year has been stupendous both with regard to the number manufactured and efficiency: a not inconsiderable factor, which appeals to the layman, is the neatness and simplicity of the engines. Taking the question of speed alone of these comparatively small-powered cars: last year one or two cars of 20 h.p. accomplished speeds of seventy-five miles per hour, and it was thought that the limit of efficiency had been reached, but in one short year we have an English car of 20.1 R.A.C. rating, accomplishing a speed of over 100 miles per hour, whilst even in the 15 h.p. class speeds of over eighty miles per hour have been attained. And all these results on *standard* chassis. These results appeal to the purchaser, and the consequence is a greatly increasing demand for cars of these powers. The prominent feature of the Show this year, as far as small cars are concerned, is simplicity and neatness of design. The monobloc type of engine appears to be most favoured, with all valve gear enclosed, but very easily accessible by the unscrewing of a single plate, whilst most of the carburettors are of the type which do not require expert adjustments every few days. The bore of the engine being a very important factor, owing to certain Budget impositions, long stroke engines are very noticeable. Gear-boxes have been reduced both in size and complexity, and four speeds have been more favoured than three. Two very interesting features of the Show are the single and twin cylinder Knight engines fitted to the Rover, these two engines being the first of their type to be introduced into England. It will be interesting to see how they compare with such cars as the Sizaire and De Dion as regards reliability, speed, and efficiency. Notable among the exhibits of low-powered English cars are Austin, Sunbeam, Singer, Vauxhall, and Star.

Amongst the high-powered cars, which appear this year to have been built solely for the fitting of luxurious carriage bodies, the excellent design and smart appearance of the Sheffield Simplex has attracted considerable attention. A trial on one of these cars sufficed to show that although extremely silent and smooth-running, speed has not been sacrificed to gain these ends. Another notable feature is the advance made by the Knight engine. Last

year only two manufacturers exhibited cars fitted with this type of engine. This year there are five, including the well-known Mercedes. The *voiturette* type of car appears to be in the descendant, it being possible to get a good four-cylinder car of 15 h.p., fitted with comfortable five-seated torpedo body, for very little more than it costs to purchase a single-cylinder car, which, however efficient and comfortable it may be, can never approach the standard of the former cars. Years ago the one object of the English purchaser was to get his chassis fitted with one of the high-class French carriage bodies. To-day it is a hard matter for him to select the best of the English makers. A year ago the torpedo body was a thing of wonder, and many were the predictions that it would not become popular, but last week there was scarcely a stand which did not exhibit a chassis fitted with a body of this type.

In the landaulette and limousine class the beauty of the panelling and interior upholstery has been the main feature, whilst for those who prefer to be covered in during the winter and open in summer, the cabriolet admirably fulfils this purpose, and bodies of this type formed some of the most handsome exhibits in the Show. A new departure was certainly made by the Lancia Company, who exhibited a torpedo body finished in burnished copper, but information was not forthcoming as to the amount of wages required per week by the man who had to clean it after a hard day's run in stormy weather.

To make a tour of the gallery, where the accessories are exhibited, is indeed a most bewildering performance. You are met at every twist and turn by some device or other which it is absolutely essential that you should fit to your car. The most welcome addition to the list of these accessories is the car-lighting outfit. From a small dynamo fixed beneath the chassis one can obtain sufficient light for two head lamps, two side lamps, a tail lamp, and in addition have the interior brilliantly lighted if the car is fitted with an enclosed body. We can only think after a visit to Olympia of the tremendous efforts that have been made during the last few years, not only to bring motor-ing within the reach of as many of the community as possible, but also to make it an established mode of travel. Not, indeed, travel which suggests discomfort through travelling over hard roads instead of smooth rails, but travel in the comfort which has a suggestion of one's own sitting-room at home.

REVIEWS

POPE AND REFORMER

Pope John the Twenty-third, and Master John Hus, of Bohemia. By EUSTACE J. KITTS. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

It is fortunate for the modern student and historian that in the Middle Ages, when the arts of the scrivener were not so freely distributed as they are now, there was generally some prolix old chronicler at hand, both at home and abroad, to put on record the sayings and doings, the love affairs and battles, of persons who loomed large in the public eye. Garrulous and digressive as many of these gentlemen of the pen prove to be, and withal stubborn partisans of their particular heroes, we can gather from their pages a more human idea of their period than could be constructed from the cold, unbiassed outlook of a merely conventional history. For, as a rule, we can set off the rancour of one by the affection of another, and if that affection seem too blind to faults, it can be tempered by the severer counsel of a third; so, piece by piece, and line by line, the complete picture begins to appear out of the mists of centuries.

In this history of Baldassare Cossa, the Pope who ought to have been a soldier, Mr. Eustace Kitts has accomplished

in a masterly fashion what must have been an extremely arduous task, and has given such a vivid impression of the times as we do not often remember to have seen. It is curious that a man of Cossa's disposition should ever have become a spiritual leader, for above all things he was a soldier, "fitter for the sword than the cassock, taking more delight in buckler and helmet than in pall or vestments"; of him the Archbishop of Bordeaux remarked, that he would do better as king or emperor than as Pope. In other respects also he seemed unfitted for the high office:—

The activity of a soldier's life had rendered him impatient of forms and ceremonies, and he did not appreciate their effect on the generality of mankind, he saw no use in long audiences which led to nothing; the tedious Masses bored him, and he cut them short; he was not exact in his pontifical dress; and he was apt to indulge in unseemly levity. . . . It was one of the most serious deficiencies of Pope John the Twenty-third that, being so entirely a man of action, he had very little sympathy with the intellectual and religious movements of his time.

The state of civilisation at this period of the fifteenth century would, to modern readers, seem definitely to prohibit any remarkable intellectual movement, but it is always curious to notice, in the accounts of the Middle Ages, how the beginnings of culture and a certain ferocious savagery went side by side. Wenzel, King of Bohemia, for example, who contested the crown of Rome with that Sigismund whose career mingled itself so inextricably with Cossa's life, shot a monk in the forest, cooked his own cook at his kitchen fire for spoiling the dinner, and executed his own executioner for some slight offence. Sigismund, warring against the Bosnians, cut off the heads of a hundred and twenty-six of their lords and had them cast into the river; yet he knew half-a-dozen languages and had many agreeable traits:—

His activity kept his frame limber and sunnle, so that he was still spare and well-proportioned when he became King of the Romans. He was great at the tourney and the joust; his prowess won all hearts at Cracow, and, later on, at Constance. He delighted in magnificent apparel, and yet he was a student of books, and amidst the distractions of his broken life he always spared some leisure for reading. He helped poor scholars, where he could, as men whom nature meant to top the world, and he would sometimes say that, though he could make a thousand knights in a single day, he could not make one scholar in a thousand years. He could be all things to all men; stately and majestic as Solomon in his glory when occasion required, he could wheedle a merchant out of his money with friendly, unceremonious talk, or he would doff his bonnet to an oyster-wench, and bandy a jest with her husband.

Into the strenuous religious struggles of those days of European upheaval fate cast these men of power, and, if we are to obtain anything like a fair view of the causes of wars so bitter and enmities so relentless, it is necessary to recollect, as Mr. Kitts points out, that to these people "divine philosophy was the theory of the universe, the groundwork of religion, the thing above all others worth living and fighting for; to believe rightly was to be saved, to be heterodox was to be damned everlastingly; heresy was regarded as a more hateful and dangerous crime than is anarchism in the present century."

The famous Council of Constance, which lasted three years and six months, lives before us in these engrossing pages, and to many readers we imagine that the sorrows of John Hus, the reformer, which culminated in his imprisonment, trial, condemnation, and fearful martyrdom at the stake, will be the most interesting portion of the book—albeit the saddest chapter of its burden. Hus, the disciple of Wyclif, when a boy was "so poor that he was often obliged to beg in the streets and to sleep on the ground." "When I was a hungry little student," he wrote, "I made a spoon out of bread till I had eaten the pease, and then ate the spoon also." His perseverance brought him at the age of about thirty-five to be Court

chaplain of Bohemia, and later on, as a Court favourite, he wielded a strong influence over King Wenzel and the nobility. He was a true patriot. "He endeavoured to improve the Czech orthography; he began to revise and correct the translations of the Bible; he was indefatigable in his endeavours to improve and elevate his native tongue. Furthermore, he encouraged the taste for sacred music." The author has on occasion a capital way of hitting off a character by an apt comparison; thus he says, referring to the hatred of the German element of the population, especially the clergy: "By the Germans in Bohemia Hus was regarded much as, in the first half of the nineteenth century, an ordinary Englishman would have regarded an Irish hero formed of Daniel O'Connell and Father Mathew rolled into one person."

To the Council of Constance came this enthusiast born out of due time, expecting an academical discussion in which his arguments and statements should be listened to sympathetically and weighed responsibly; the invitation of King Sigismund pleased him, and seemed to him "a call to the end of strife." Towards the close of this assembly, "by universal consent the largest, the most influential, and the most splendid gathering ever held in the Middle Ages," he seems to become its central figure. His trial, recounted here with extraordinary detail and fidelity, is a dark spot on history, although, according to the convictions of those who disposed themselves as his censors, he was really guilty of heresy. Weak and ill, tortured by toothache and other more grave ailments bred by his confinement, adjured time after time to recant, he braved them all. It is impossible not to admire the spirit of the man who under such racking pain and in such pitiable circumstances could write the fine declamation which the author quotes, and which we feel constrained to reproduce:—

"I, John Hus, fearing to offend God and to swear falsely, cannot abjure all the articles which false witnesses have testified against me, for before God I never preached, held, nor defended that which they ascribe to me. As for the articles correctly extracted from my works, I say that if any of them contains anything false, then I utterly abhor it; but, fearing to offend against the truth and the opinion of the Fathers, I cannot abjure them. And if it were possible that my voice could reach the whole world, as every falsehood and sin of mine will be manifest at the Day of Judgment, so would I right willingly recant every falsehood or error that I have ever thought or spoken."

His books were burned publicly, and he himself was degraded before the people; his tonsure was defaced, and a paper cap with a picture of three devils tormenting a lost soul was placed on his head; thus, between two of the town police, and guarded by a thousand armed men, he was marched to the burning, defiant and undepressed to the last cruel moment when the fierce flames stifled his prayer.

We have but outlined the contents of Mr. Kitts' excellent work; there are many issues of interest which it is impossible to touch upon in a brief review. The author draws a life-like sketch of Constance in the days of the Council. Into this city of five thousand inhabitants poured a throng of visitors numbering, at the lowest estimate, sixty thousand, with delegates from England, France, and other countries; it may be imagined that in the wake of such a gathering came many persons attracted by anything but religious interests. Dancing, singing, and music were carried on all night, and constituted the least harmful of the plentiful diversions. "Many of the knights and of the clergy also soon had enough of the dissertations and disquisitions, and those who did not repair home to tell of the wonders they had seen remained to enjoy themselves. Many a cavalier had his beard plucked out when he wooed too fiercely, or lost his costly agate to some cutpurse as he rolled home drunk"; other amusements were rife which will only bear delicate description. Venice, then a powerful State, also comes into this history, and its prosperity is well put before the reader in Mr. Kitts' graphic, yet restrained, style.

It is long since we have read a volume dealing with this period so capably written, or so free, as far as we have been able to test it, from errors; to peruse it has been a pleasure as well as a duty. The rare gift of conveying the spirit of an age, of blending it perfectly with the facts to be imparted—a gift so indispensable to the historian—is here evident in a high degree, and we can only wish that it formed part of the equipment of all who endeavoured to interpret for us the thought and action of the years which were so fruitful in their effects on the current of human events and desires of the present day.

TRISTAN DA CUNHA

Three Years in Tristan da Cunha. By K. M. BARROW, wife of the Rev. J. G. Barrow, Missionary Clergyman in Tristan da Cunha, and fellow-worker with him in that Island. Illustrated. (Skeffington and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

The island of Tristan da Cunha, formerly uninhabited, was occupied by England in 1816, when Napoleon was in captivity at St. Helena. The latter island is the nearest inhabited land to Tristan da Cunha, from which, however, it is distant twelve hundred miles. Neither is distance all that isolates Tristan, for its inhospitable shore affords no harbour for ships. The island is the top of an old volcano, rising seven thousand feet above the sea, circular in shape, with a circumference of twenty miles, having a coast-line of bold hills, precipitous cliffs, and steep beaches, without creeks or inlets. The British garrison was withdrawn in 1817, after less than a year's occupation. Three of the men with their families were allowed to remain on the island, and this act of good nature has saddled us with the national reproach of permitting an English community to maintain itself for nearly one hundred years without civilised government. There is neither governor, magistrate, or schoolmaster, and for seventy-seven out of ninety-two years there has been no clergyman.

Mr. Barrow, who went out as missionary clergyman in 1906 for three years, was already connected with the island by an interesting occurrence. In 1821 his mother, then a child, was being brought home from India in charge of a nurse, when their ship, the "Blendon Hall," was wrecked on Inaccessible Island, near to Tristan. The Tristanites, at considerable risk to themselves, fetched them and the other survivors from the barren and inhospitable spot, and entertained them until the following year, when they were taken off by a passing brig. By three years' work on the island Mr. Barrow has well repaid his debt to the Tristanites, and English readers owe a debt of gratitude to his wife for the excellent narrative of life on the island which is now before us. The book is in the form of a diary. We have first a short account of the five months expended in reaching the island. Then follows an interesting description of the reception of the clergyman and his wife, and of the provision made for them by the islanders. One house was vacated for their occupation, and another for the purpose of a church and school, although house accommodation was already scanty in the settlement. The population then numbered seventy-two, of whom thirteen were grown men. The families took it in turn to serve the clergyman's household, contributing labour and some food. Mrs. Barrow, however, had taken out sufficient supplies for twelve months, and these were freely distributed. Mutual help is, in fact, the basis of society in Tristan, and it is the daily record of this kind of life which makes the book so attractive. There is practically no buying and no selling on the island, no employers and no employed. All live in a single village, and are engaged in the same occupations, principally fishing, potato growing, and raising sheep and cattle. The climate is mild and healthy, though wet. The place is free from fever, and even colds in the head are unknown, except when caught by the men who board some passing ship. The "cold" then runs through the settlement.

Many of the Tristanites are not of purely white descent, the wives of some of the settlers having been coloured women. The mulatto character shows itself in the behaviour of the people, as recorded from day to day by Mrs. Barrow. At first she is much struck by their pleasant ways and kindness. Towards the end of her stay she speaks of the trait of untruthfulness, and admits, somewhat sadly, that "everything is not as it appears on the surface." Some disillusionment can be detected in the latter part of the book, but the comment is never unkindly, and throughout the narrative there is a welcome freedom from censoriousness. Mrs. Barrow taught daily in the school. The children appear to have been decidedly slow at their tasks, which is not to be wondered at. Indeed, few, poor, isolated, and neglected as they have been, it is wonderful that the community has not become utterly degenerate. Inter-marriage alone must have already produced serious effects. Shipwreck has, however, from time to time brought a new strain into the island, with beneficial results. Thus Repetto, one of two Italian sailors wrecked in the nineties, seems to be about the most capable man in the island. On the other hand, the repatriation of travelled Tristanites appears to have had a bad effect on the community. In 1908, four men, born on the island, returned there from the Cape with their families, numbering in all seventeen persons, and there was a want of harmony in Tristan for the next twelve months. This is the date, April, 1909, when the narrative terminates. One important event of the three years, 1906-1909, was the arrival of Mr. Keytel from the Cape, who tried to work up an export trade in sheep, cattle, and fish. The islanders, however, do not appear to have co-operated effectively. It is to Mr. Keytel that we are indebted for the interesting photographs which illustrate the book. The portrait groups of all the inhabitants of the island are a great help to the understanding of the text. The faces are by no means unattractive, and the pose of the figure generally good. The impression derived from the combined information of narrative and photographs is that the people, though probably not efficient according to our competitive standards, are well suited to maintain themselves in the life they have chosen. It was in 1903 that the Government offered to purchase the islanders' stock, and set them up in a small way in Cape Colony if all would leave the island. Only three families were prepared to accept, so the offer was withdrawn. In 1907 Mr. Barrow was instructed to put before the people the advantages of leaving, and to state that if they remained the Home Government could not promise to do anything further for them; but the people were unanimous in their decision to stay. We confess that we do not understand the grounds on which the Government can properly decline "to do anything more" for a community of citizens which appears to have originated in a proper and lawful manner. Mr. Barrow was to some extent responsible for law and order, as well as for education and the offices of religion. When he was ill in 1908 his wife discharged all these duties. On Wednesday in Holy Week, she began the day by reading the thermometers (for the Cape Meteorological Department) and then read the daily service. From that she went to dress a child's scalded foot. On Thursday the duty of caning a small boy for cruelty to animals likewise devolved upon the clergyman's wife; and on Good Friday she took both services. These capable people also experimented in the most up-to-date kinds of legislation. Thus we find it recorded on March 12 that:

A few weeks ago we put on our clocks an hour, thinking to get an extra hour of daylight, but we find the plan does not answer, and have to put them back again. The people got up no earlier, and the result was that some of the boys and girls came to school without any breakfast.

The author says in the preface that her object has been to give a simple and true description of daily life in a very small community cut off from the rest of the world. She has succeeded admirably. The narrative is of permanent value, it bears the mark of sincerity and truth on every page, and it is delightful reading.

THE "POTATO" GOSPEL

The Victory of Love. By C. C. COTTERILL. (A. C. Fifield. 2s. net.)

"But only those who know at first hand a good deal about the land, and are fond of it, can have the smallest notion what a blessing it will be to the people in all sorts of ways to have this free access to the soil, and to realise at the same time that it is theirs."

Thus the amiable Mr. Cotterill on the virtues of the soil; and one wonders whether he has read a book called "*La Terre*," by Emile Zola. We restrict the example to the famous French novel, because the land of the Beauce does for the most part belong to the peasantry who till it; and it would seem from the sentence quoted that the author of "*The Victory of Love*" regards the sense of possession as important to the charm. Otherwise, we could quote from Hardy, and show that familiarity with wheat and potatoes does not of itself convey a passport to all the virtues.

But the people in "*La Terre*" have certainly free access to the soil; also, they realise that it is theirs. And since Dante's "*Inferno*," is there a more frightful picture of raging passion and foul enmity and every evil and abominable and squalid and detestable vice than this history, by an advanced Liberal, by a declared Free-thinker, of a people that has free access to the soil and that realises that it is theirs?

Be it observed that Zola was a fair man, and a truth-telling man. He does not give countenance to the ridiculous fable—which is popular talk in France and popular writing in England amongst many persons who ought to know much better—that up to the French Revolution all the land of France belonged to the nobles, that no one who was not a noble owned, or could own, a foot of soil. Zola was neither knave enough nor fool enough to utter such lies and imbecilities as this. He tells us the truth; that the acquirement of small parcels of landed property by the French peasantry was a very gradual process, going far back into the Middle Ages. That unhappy race of "*La Terre*" had been landed proprietors in a small way for centuries. And what a blessing it was to them! Their "free access"—to what heights of love it led them. Let us pass by the fact of their gross sensuality; if we are to be frank we must admit that the great mass of men are sensual, have been sensual, and will be sensual. But the palmary vice of these people is not their sensuality; it is their altogether devilish hate and malice. Their cruelty to one another burns in those pages like hell-fire; their uncharitableness rolls forth like a flood of Phlegethon. Like beasts? They have descended to a place infinitely lower than that of the beasts; they have taken all humanity—every potency of our kindly nature—and brought it down to the world of tigers and swamp-adders, pouring, as it were, the lower and natural venoms of the universe into the sacred vehicles made for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit of God. And this is the result of your "free access to the soil"; these are the sweet and blessed fruits of the realisation that the soil is your own!

And the astonishing thing in this mass of astonishing nonsense is that the author professes to be a Socialist! He says that poorer people are "in, almost everything that most matters," usually not only the equals, but the superiors of the well-to-do. So he would deprive the human race of all the virtues that inhere in it—that is, the virtues of the poor—by making everybody "gigable," tolerably well-to-do! He rails at the people who are comfortably off, who are able to keep that famous gig so scorned by Carlyle; and his remedy is that everybody shall be able to keep a gig!

And again:—

The truth is, very few well-to-do people are entirely at ease, in the sense of feeling on terms of entire equality with members of the poorer classes.

Here is another amazement. Mr. Cotterill, it appears, regards ease of converse as the result of people feeling on terms of entire equality with one another.

Now, in the first place there is a certain literary document which exhibits a number of people on a journey. During that journey these people talk to one another with an ease and friendliness that stand alone in literature. The document is Chaucer's history of the Pilgrimage to Canterbury; and almost everybody in that party occupied a social status quite distinct from that occupied by anybody else. And again, when King George III. found Dr. Johnson in the Royal Library, the result was a charming talk, honourable to King and to scholar. King George and the good Doctor talked one to the other as man to man, *because* each knew the other's position. The King did not pretend that he was a great scholar; and the scholar did not pretend that his sound sense and his sound scholarship made him, stout Sam, into George III. Ah! if that good and holy and wise Dr. Johnson were amongst us now! If Ulysses could return, and take down from the wall that mighty and sounding and terrible bow of his, and those arrows with which he was wont to transpierce all the hosts of cant and falsity!

In Johnson's day there were similar phantoms to be dismissed unto their dark and lone and dismal abodes. It was not "free access to the soil," but it was something like it; it was the expression of the same false idea. They talked of "Nature," the Liberal prophets of the eighteenth century; they inveighed against civilised society for its forms and ceremonies, and tedious and intricate conventions. They called on man to leave Paris and the Court of Louis XV., and live on desert islands and prairies, like the "simple savages," in "a state of nature."

Johnson knew by his sound instinct that all this was unholy gibberish, insane rubbish, and said so. He did not know—for there was no such thing as anthropology in his day—that this "state of nature," did not exist, and never had existed; that the more primitive and natural the race, the more intricate and elaborate its rules and conventions; that the Court of Louis was stark naked simplicity compared with life in Borriboolah-Gah.

It is pitiable to reflect that our advanced knowledge has brought no wisdom, that there are in these days people like Mr. Cotterill who believe that it is "impossible to place any limits to the beneficial effects of the nationalisation of the land." It is not surprising to find that such a one is also a convinced vegetarian. "It is not good for a human creature to eat the flesh of any other creature." Mr. Cotterill is possibly ignorant of the fact that the Christ and his Apostles ate meat, and that some of the most cruel, abominable, and treacherous scoundrels that the earth has produced have been strict vegetarians.

A GREAT NEGRO PEOPLE

Nigerian Studies, or the Religious and Political System of the Yoruba. By R. E. DENNETT. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

In depicting the primitive conceptions, the religious and political systems of the negro, Mr. Dennett writes with a fuller knowledge of, and a greater sympathy with, the black man's standpoint than is possessed by most Europeans who have lived in Equatorial Africa. For some fifteen years he served in the Congo, and since 1902 he has been in the forestry service in Southern Nigeria. During the whole of this long period he has diligently sought to get behind the outward aspects of the life of

the natives, and to comprehend the meanings of their mysteries and their systems of philosophy. The results of his Congo studies have appeared in various books, notably "At the Back of the Black Man's Mind." Now, in the volume before us, he essays to make understandable the religion and the political comity of the Yoruba. He has drawn his information from native sources on the spot, but to elucidate any point he makes use of the work of previous investigators, such as Colonel A. B. Ellis and Bishop Crowther. The value of the book to the anthropologist is great, nor will the serious student be hindered by the admittedly jumpy style of the narrative. The average reader may, however, be pardoned if he regards these "Nigerian Studies" as in need of elucidation. The importance of the subject, nevertheless, makes it worth while to give Mr. Dennett's book close attention. The Yoruba are one of the three great negro or negroid races of West Africa, devoted to trade and agriculture, the two others being the Mandingo and the Hausa. The mismanagement or misunderstanding of these races by their European overlords would have consequences disastrous to the future of the country; and two (the Yoruba and the Hausa) of these races are under British protection. Hence the importance to the trader, the administrator, and the missionary of a proper comprehension of the point of view of these peoples. This is what Mr. Dennett gives us. After an explanatory chapter, giving his method of procedure, he summarises the history of the Yoruba kingdoms, which are to-day somewhat in the position of the Indian feudatory States. He then deals with their origin and religious beliefs, and proceeds to show how (apparently) from these beliefs the family and tribal systems of government were evolved. Like all true negro tribes—the statement is scarcely true of all Bantu negroes—the Yoruba have a vivid conception of the spirit world. The deification of ancestors seems to have been the process by which they created the spirits, and the root idea upon which their elaborate systems are built is shown by Mr. Dennett to be the government of the family by the Orisha, i.e., the shade of the dead grandfather; the typical family consists of the Orisha, the father, the mother, and the son. These four personages represent the four governing powers in the state—though in the process of evolution the Orisha's power is exercised (at least in some instances) by the widow of the grandfather and the mother's power by her brother, this brother becoming, strangely enough, the Balogun or war lord. All these early dignitaries have their heavenly counterparts—the first of the four representing the Creator. Space fails us to dwell further on the subject, but it will be seen that here is a matter well worthy of study. It may be added that, though essentially a negro race, the Yoruba have an infiltration of Hamitic and Semitic blood, and preserve traditions of an eastern origin. It also appears that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries their beliefs were slightly modified by Christian influences—Mr. Dennett conjectures that a Portuguese priest may have settled among them. The book has some excellent illustrations and a map, by Captain W. H. Beverley, specially drawn to illustrate the text.

SHORTER REVIEWS

William Wordsworth, his Homes and Haunts. By S. L. BENSUSAN. With Twelve Drawings in Crayon by A. FORESTIER, and Four Portraits. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 1s. 6d. net.)

WITH no pretence at any great depth of criticism, the author of this beautiful little volume has given us one of the most acceptable studies of Wordsworth that we have seen for some time. Of all the poets of the period which he might almost be said to have inaugurated, Wordsworth is perhaps the most difficult to summarise adequately and judiciously; the inequality of his work, and his slight

sense of humour, present obstacles to all but the most careful writers. For this reason it is very pleasant to congratulate Mr. Bensusan on unflinching taste and tact, when, that is, he yields to his impulses of criticism and passes opinions on the poetry of varying stages in the life of the Lakeside wanderer. "To Wordsworth," he says, "his imagination was the Divine gift he was called upon to justify; it was his life's labour to express that gift to the world in terms of high morality. No great poet has been further removed from the wish to concentrate the eyes of the world upon himself; he sought to turn men's eyes to the ordered beauty of the Universe, that they might learn to regulate their own lives, to possess their own souls." Again, discussing Wordsworth's impenetrable solemnity, we find the author hitting the mark: "Where there is no humour there can be little sympathy; where there is great concentration upon intimate, personal, and subjective work there can be little time or inclination to keep in touch with the thoughts of the rising generation fired with newborn hopes and ideals. The poet's pages do not conceal a dozen passages intended to raise a smile; the bulk of his work is testimony to his energy, if not always to his inspiration; but the lack of the sense of humour gave a sacrosanct quality to everything he had written." A sympathetic account is given of the friendship between Wordsworth, Coleridge, and de Quincey, and the lives of the women of the poet's household are described with a sense of proportion. The illustrations are delicate, and have a distinct charm in their difference from the ordinary photographic reproductions; in fact, the whole book is a worthy little monograph upon one who "at his best was for all time, but at his worst was as intensely early Victorian as an antimacassar."

The Hope of Catholick Judaism: An Essay towards Orientation. By J. H. A. HART, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of St. John's College, Cambridge. (Oxford: Parker and Co., 27, Broad Street. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1910. 3s.)

"THE HOPE OF CATHOLICK JUDAISM" is the first volume of a new series, "Studies in the History and Doctrine of Judaism and Christianity," edited by the Rev. A. Lukyn Williams. Mr. Hart, who writes from a frankly Christian standpoint, is nevertheless in no respect hostile to Judaism. His object, in fact, is to emphasise the connection between the two, and to remind his readers that the newer faith was in its origin but a development of the older. The book is intended for Jews as well as Christians, but its influence on the former is not likely to be considerable, and a greater opportunity for usefulness presents itself in regard to the latter. In the course of the work the author displays an extensive acquaintance with the theological literature, both Jewish and Christian, of the earliest centuries of the present era. With Philo, Josephus, and the Talmudical literature which has been rendered into English, Mr. Hart shows himself as well acquainted as with the New Testament itself. He treats his subject exhaustively, and devotes attention to the Jewish Conception of Hope, the Messianic idea, and also that of the Son of Man, as well as to other topics. Jew and Christian will both be mildly surprised at Mr. Hart's catalogue of the prophets of Catholick Judaism, Jesus of Nazareth, Philo of Alexandria, Saul of Tarsus, and the Doctors of the Talmud.

SPECIAL ISSUES

THE special Christmas numbers of the illustrated papers and magazines seem to appear earlier year by year, and the time cannot be far ahead when they will trespass upon October. The *Sketch* and the *Illustrated London News* are full of excellent fare for the season, and well worth the requisite shilling. The art of colour-illustration constantly progresses, and many of the pictures in these two

issues are deserving of framing; each presents as a supplement an engraving in monochrome. A mere mention of the names of some of the artists who contribute is sufficient guarantee of the entertaining quality of their work:—Frank Reynolds, Godfrey Wilson, Lawson Wood, René Bull, Edmund Dulac, Maxfield Parrish, and, of course, Heath Robinson, with his amusing extravaganzas. As to the literary contents, Mr. William Le Queux is represented by a characteristic story in the *Sketch*, entitled "The Secret," and "The Bolt from Wimperley," by R. E. Vernède, is the principal tale in the *Illustrated London News*. Both numbers are capital, and the humour of many pages which we cannot do more than mention is excellent.

The 1910 issue of "The Odd Volume" maintains the high standard set in previous years. Mr. A. A. Milne's little "Domestic Comedy in One Scene" is very amusing, and true to life; it hinges upon the request of a girl that her fiancé shall give up smoking. He retaliates by asking her to give up knitting, and the method by which compromise is finally attained is in Mr. Milne's neatest manner. J. J. Bell and G. K. Chesterton contribute interesting items, and the full-page illustrations, by some of our best-known artists, are extremely good.

The Mission of Pain. By PÈRE LAURENT. Translated by L. G. PING. (Burns and Oates. 2s. 6d. net.)

In a well-known essay in "Lux Mundi" Dr. Illingworth pointed out many years ago that "suffering is not a subject upon which anything new can be said. It has long ago been probed to the utmost limit of our capacity, and remains a mystery still." Yet it is possible for a thoughtful writer to deal with such aspects of pain as its moral grandeur or its enlightening force in a manner that may bring comfort and help to many a sufferer. This Père Laurent has endeavoured to do; yet sometimes, it must be admitted, rather from the standpoint of technical theology, which it is difficult always to follow, as, for example, when he says that pain is a consequence of original sin. That pain has a value, and therefore a mission, for our imperfect state of existence few would deny. But to refer the sufferings of the upright and the innocent to the law of expiation is to lose sight of the truth that if sin involves suffering, suffering does not of necessity involve sin. Pain that is warning or prophylactic, sanctifying or stimulating, may be considered philosophically quite apart from the problem of sin. The pain of self-sacrifice is actually an antidote to sin, and has a high place in the formation of character in the face of moral evil. Sinless pain may be ignored by a too narrow theology, which puts forward the non-Christian dogma that suffering was introduced into the world by sin. Apart from these considerations, the writer of these short essays has many valuable lessons from the "teachings of misfortune" for those inclined to take a pessimistic view of the sufferings of humanity.

Nooks and Corners of Old London. By CHARLES and MARY HEMSTREET. With 12 Illustrations. (T. Werner Laurie. 3s. 6d. net.)

If correctness alone were needed, this volume might pass as a satisfactory guide-book to the more famous churches, buildings, and odd corners of our huge city; but we are compelled to suggest that really some attempt should be made to cast useful information in a pleasant form. Here are two fair specimens of the authors' style:—

In the church of St. Michael's on College Hill, built by Sir Christopher Wren, there is a memorial window to Dick Whittington who was buried in the old church on this site—a church that was destroyed by the Great Fire.

In Surrey Street the dramatist William Congreve who has been called the greatest English master of pure comedy lived

at the height of his success, long after "The Old Bachelor," "Love for Love" and "The Mourning Bride" had made him famous, and here he died.

It will be seen that the punctuation leaves much to be desired; indeed, faulty management of the stops spoils several passages. A book on London is surely worth doing well if it is worth doing at all. When there are so many really attractive volumes published on the same subject this one does not shine as an example to be followed. The photographs, however, are excellent, and chosen with a fine regard for the effective point of view.

A Thackeray Dictionary. By I. G. MUDGE and M. E. SEARS. (G. Routledge and Sons. 8s. 6d. net)

THE compilers of this handbook have done a useful work thoroughly, supplying the need for a reference book to the novels of Thackeray. The aim has been to include in the dictionary the names of all characters, either fictitious or historical, that take a definite part, however small, in the action of a novel or short story, and a synopsis of the various novels is given. By a casual inspection of the dictionary, we have revived our acquaintance with a variety of interesting people, delightful and otherwise, and appreciated the quotations summarising the characters in Thackeray's own words.

FICTION

The Templeton Tradition. By ADAM GOWANS WHYTE. (Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

WITH many pleasant recollections of a certain delightful "Comedy of Ambition" we began to read this chronicle of the Templeton family, to realise, as we progressed, that Mr. Whyte has well maintained the high standard which he set for himself in that remarkably good novel. Richard Templeton, the man whose ignorance of women and their ways came near to wrecking his happiness, and Harry Templeton, his brother, whose flippant manner is merely the effervescence of a rather excitable nature, are finely contrasted; the women of the story also make admirable foils to one another. Mary Raeburn, marrying Richard in a kind of hopeful dream, quickly discovers her mistake; how that mistake is gradually brought to a climax and suddenly cancelled we must leave the reader to ascertain, for the process occupies or else underlies most of the chapters of the book. Betty Bramley, her English friend, attracts us irresistibly; she is quaint, swift at repartee, and more than a match for the lively Harry. Mr. Whyte has the valuable gift of writing unstrained, humorous dialogue, and, better still, his conversations are invariably consistent with his characters. Betty's wrangles with Harry are capital, and the love-making of that irresponsible youth—who nearly spoiled everything by an inopportune stolen kiss—is excellently described. He is the "sport" of the Templeton strain; he objects strongly to "bacon and eggs three hundred and sixty-five times per annum" for breakfast, and some of his waggish observations are extremely entertaining. Thirty-five, he decides, is "a grand old age at which to find one's faith in human nature still alive and kicking. I lost mine utterly," he goes on, "at the age of five, when Howkie Macleod stole my knife and I failed to make his nose bleed." Mrs. Garroway, the incorrigible gossip, who was "like a newspaper which published an official account of everything two days before it occurred," takes a necessary mischief-making part, but does not seem so convincing as the other characters.

Remembering the purely charming "Babette Angèle" of his former book, we rather looked forward to another fine child-portrait, but in this account of the serious Templeton affairs Mr. Whyte has seen fit to omit that phase of his art. He has opened new ground, however, in his acute study of

the labour riots in the dour Scotch township; the relation of the strike at the big engineering works, and of the manner in which Harry, indefatigable and ever-cheery adviser, arranged matters, is as vivid as anything we have lately read on similar lines. Altogether, we have thoroughly enjoyed this excellent story; it takes a position far above the level of most modern novels, and, if we mistake not, is in a great measure a picture drawn from life.

The Incubus. By HELEN HESTER COLVILL. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

THE lady to whom this uncomplimentary title of "The Incubus" is applied certainly deserves it, according to this vivid account of her career. She is one of those passionate, alluring, magnetic women beloved of all novelists, whose mission is to introduce complications, to steal a good man's love, and to wreck the life of the virtuous girl of the story—if possible. Isabel Malherbe nearly succeeds in doing this, not so much deliberately as by means of her irresistible propensity for dragging men to her feet. Laura, her pure, studious, and somewhat unsophisticated sister, has been separated from her for years, and during those years Gilbert Malherbe, who loves his cousin Laura, has had a rather ardent and indubitably awkward "affair" with Isabel in Egypt. Given the situation, much can be made of it by a clever writer. Mrs. Colvill is as clever as need be; she has drawn very skilfully the sharply contrasting characters of the two women, and by many deft touches she indicates the inherent antagonism of their natures. She leaves us slightly wondering that two sisters could possibly be so utterly opposite in every way, but her story is so good that the point becomes a minor one. It is more than a little pathetic, the hopeless struggle of poor Oriental Isabel to be "good," to go to church, assist at embroidery, and visit the sick; she honestly tries to fall in love with the spiritually-minded curate, whose citadel of celibacy falls before her charms. But Gilbert's proximity spoils all her resolutions, and Laura is stricken by witnessing a scene where her lover's self-control fails and Isabel's kisses are on his lips. This situation is excellently described, and is distinctly exciting. Various less important individuals play their parts in the story, and, for Laura and Gilbert, the end is happy after some years of remorse and silence. To Isabel, death comes—and it was the best possible thing which could happen to her. "The Incubus" is a strongly written novel, free from any taint of vulgarity, and one which can be read through without any slackening of the interest from the first page to the last.

Anne Kempburn, Truthseeker. By MARGUERITE BRYANT. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

WITH a good plot and some carefully drawn characters, this book leaves a sense of incompleteness, a vague thought of how much better it might have been done. Anne Kempburn is a curious little woman, always trying to fulfil her nature in the best way, to get the utmost out of her life. She starts by joining a "Sisters' Home," and proceeds by studying the relations of capital and labour to qualify herself for the position of confidential secretary to the hero, Paul Arrington. Her sister Naomi, a professional singer, has had a romance with this same Paul, and has married an Italian, who deserted her; so with love and labour as conflicting and contrasting interests the story is set well under way. But it needs a more capable pen than Miss Bryant's to treat the subject in a sufficiently powerful manner; the reader who possesses any literary taste or critical faculty will be disappointed. The sentences are often involved. We take one from page 112 as an instance: "Every example of vital youth is at heart a hot-headed reformer bent on improving the state of things into which it has dropped, but age, having learnt its lesson, is well content to be a wise workman

in the world's workshop, satisfied that as much material as is necessary for its job will be dealt out by the Providence, Fate, or the Great Master of all, without need of struggle or strife, yet now and again casting kindly tolerant eyes on the wider arena, where youth is training with so much clamour and martial music for the ultimate quiet corner in the workshop." How came the proof-reader to miss that? There is an irritating lack of the restful semi-colon. "Tell Max I am deeply hurt that he did not invite me, I hope you'll like Aston House." "And who" comes lacking the preceding relative; "to so highly polish" is not good, neither is "His near vicinity shook her" a specimen of decent English. The story altogether has a very amateurish touch, and although there are scenes and situations in it which hold the attention, the general effect is sadly weakened by careless composition, and by the attempt to portray a mental state in Anne which the writer has not realised.

Pongo and the Bull. By HILAIRE BELLOC. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

READERS who were dismayed at the eloquent bitterness of "Emmanuel Burden" need be at no pains to avoid reading "Pongo and the Bull," for in his latest work Mr. Belloc has deserted the hard road of political satire for the primrose paths of political farce, and the most serious politician, whatever his creed may be, can hardly find the result anything but amusing. Still, it may be counted discreet in Mr. Belloc that he has dated his book fifteen years ahead, seeing that he has therein essayed the *reductio ad absurdum* of party politics, and that there are never wanting rebellious young Conservatives and Liberals who find the present party system, with its high tradition of mutual courtesy, if not absurd, at least sufficiently irritating to the fiery ambitions of youth.

The fun to be derived from an intimate friendship existing between the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition is fairly obvious, and Mr. Belloc's political experience helps him to give *vraisemblance* to his jest; and a jest is all his book is, told with a certain racy lightness of heart very unlike the consuming hatred that made the tragical history of Mr. Burden such an uncomfortable book to read. On the whole, we prefer Mr. Belloc in his present sunny temper, even though the volume under notice contains nothing so good as was Mr. Burden's death; for while a good hater may be admired, there have been moments when we wearied of Mr. Belloc's contempt for company promoters and Jews. There is no need to give the plot of "Pongo and the Bull," for the author has told but a slight and improbable story; it is Mr. Belloc's wit that makes the book something more than readable, and his pleasant gift of presenting the ludicrous in a mirthfully formal dress. We recommend the book to the notice of all those who are accustomed to lose their tempers in the heat of political argument.

The Getting of Wisdom. By HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

IF it was with real eagerness that we welcomed a new novel from the author of "Maurice Guest," it was with proportionate disappointment that we found "The Getting of Wisdom" unsatisfactory. Mr. Richardson's story is concerned with the life of a little girl at a boarding-school; we are introduced to Laura as she is leaving home for the first time, and the book ends, abruptly enough, with her departure from school at the end of her school-days. There is scope for the most ambitious novelist in tracing the development of a girl from childhood to womanhood in an alien environment, but the author was trying his readers rather hard when he chose such an unpleasant child as Laura for his heroine. The result is a book that it is easy to admire, but absolutely impossible to read with pleasure.

Nevertheless, we can have nothing but praise for the skill with which Laura's character, unsympathetic as it is, is drawn, and for the vividness of the scenes of school-life which, for the first time in English fiction as far as we know it, give us a manifestly truthful account of life in a girls' school. We have always understood that the tone of girls' schools is bad when compared with that of the average boys' school, and the school through which Laura pursues her unblest destiny provides no exception. But in this, as in other details, the author compels us to accept the veracity of his account by reason of the really extraordinary cleverness he displays in drawing the minor characters. The girls at the Ladies' College, Melbourne, are noisily alive, and when the author tells us that they are snobbish, vain, jealous, and mean, we have to accept his statements. We cling to our regret, however, that Laura should surpass them all in these characteristics, and add certain traits of her own that make her unpopular even among her unlovable companions. To sum up, this is a book that everyone should read and nobody can like; its cleverness is astonishing.

THE THEATRE

"THE MENDERS OF NETS," AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

We think that Mr. Philip Gibbs has wasted his material in using it for this one-act play—powerful and passionate as it is. Unless we are much mistaken, the taste of the playgoer of the present day oscillates between two extremes. Blatant and impossible melodrama on the one hand, and legs on the other. Mr. Philip Gibbs had the material in "The Menders of Nets" for a very powerful melodrama. If he had treated it after the manner of such trash as "The Worst Woman in London"—pretty bad we should think—he would have drawn crowded houses of the vacuous-minded people who delight in scarcely veiled indecency, and in blood-curdling situations. The mistake of certain dramatists, we think, is that they do not gauge the intellectual incapacity of their audiences. Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's delightful comedy, "Mrs. Skeffington," would have appealed in the days of the old Prince of Wales's Theatre—the Bancrofts' Theatre—to the audiences of those days, who knew what dramatic art was. It is entirely thrown away on the general public at present. This is a truth which has been recognised by Sir Arthur Pinero and other leading play-writers who have utilised the sex problem as the unwholesome spice for their valuable literary wares. The inroads of the music-halls with Mr. Seymour Hicks as Richard III. must be taken into account, and the legitimate drama will have to be written down to the understanding of the people for whom it caters. "The Menders of Nets" is a very clever interlude, and the acting of Mr. Holmes Gore as John is alone worth a visit to the Queen's Theatre. Miss Beryl Faber, in the unpleasant part of Bess, shows another side of her versatile talent. The part is lachrymose, and in less able hands might easily be repulsive. Miss Faber, however, glides with skill over all awkward passages, and her performance, followed as it is by her presentation of "Mrs. Skeffington," marks her out as an actress who has few equals on the stage.

MUSIC

MR. LLOYD GEORGE and Sir Edward Elgar are not, it might seem, a well-matched pair, yet have they one distinction in common, and it is a glory which is very rare. They have both given birth to that which shall never die. "The speech is immortal," cried Mr. Campbell; "the Concerto is immortal," proclaims Herr Kreisler. True it is that the decision at the City Temple has not met with universal acceptance, but at Queen's Hall last Thursday (we will give the precise date—November 10, 1910—on

which parent and proud nurse presented the august child to the public) it seemed that the vast audience was more than eager to echo the cry "Immortal." It is never pleasant to find oneself in a minority of one, in the midst of an excited crowd of enthusiasts. So the writer made his way through the multitudes, and fled guiltily, pursued when he was in the street by the clamour of continued pæans within the hall. Next morning his favourite newspaper might well have come out in colours, like the mails announcing Waterloo, so great was the jubilation over the Concerto; "Immortal" seemed the note sounded by all his breakfast-table sheets.

Now, mild jests apart, it is a pity that when a musical work of such beauty and importance, by so distinguished a composer, is produced, its hearers, and so many of those whose function it is to guide the public taste, should, to speak frankly, lose their heads. Of course, it is very English—we either decry what is new too scornfully, or else we praise it too deliriously. But over-praise never does any good. Is not the path trodden by composers strewn with the wrecks of once praised works? Matthew Arnold's warning to those who form judgments as to "the best" should be remembered on the occasion of the production of new works by Elgar, who is not, and never has been, "our only composer," as some would have us believe. Mr. Rose, in the "New Republic," carried about with him a fragment of some artistic stuff for comfort amid surrounding ugliness, and no doubt to remind himself continually what beauty really might be. Some warning sentence, such as Arnold's "Wragg is in custody," should be ever in the remembrance of those who are tempted to shout "Was there ever anything like it in the world?"

Of very great and very noble compositions it is probably true to say that few of them have been fully comprehended and appreciated at the first. You feel as you listen to some work of great genius that it is dark to you, that there are hard sayings in it; still, as is surely the case with people when they read Dante for the first time, you are conscious that beauty and power are there and will presently manifest themselves. You are confident that, after a time, you will "see the stars." Now this mysterious yet confident feeling was in no way generated in the mind of the writer by the first hearing of Sir Edward Elgar's Violin Concerto. Delighted as he was by its very considerable beauty, full of admiration as he was at its consummate craftsmanship, the writer never felt that he was listening to a work of such deep imagination that it could only be fathomed after many hearings or much personal study. Waters may be deep and yet transparently clear. Now the Concerto is as clear as crystal, but it can hardly be called profound. It is beautiful, if you like; it is thoughtful; it has bold and spirited passages in admirable contrast with its songs of wistful yet not untranquil reflection. In "colour" it is rich, delicate, soft, luminous—all the epithets with which tints are praised may be applied without exaggeration to it; in decoration it is ingenious, fanciful, persistently appropriate, and, above all, the music seemed in perfect keeping and good taste. This is important to note, for a certain strain of commonness has now and then peeped through the texture of some of Sir Edward's previous work, to its grievous detriment. Nothing could well be more refined in sentiment or more polished in workmanship than this Concerto, but when all this has been said, the truth remains, that the music has not the stamp of greatness upon it. Long may it continue to pour its sweet or stirring sounds into ears that will listen. We doubt, however, whether it will prove one of those works which can never be heard too often, which, consequently, have the seed of immortality in them. Little advantage is to be gained by putting composers into class-lists. Our children are sure to revise them. But since it is being insistently claimed that Elgar's Concerto must rank with the greatest of its kind, with the concertos, that is to say, of Bach and Beethoven, and possibly Brahms, let us propose an alternative classification. Shall we put Sir Edward in a class certainly above Bruch and Spohr

and Wieniawski and Grieg (we will leave the eighteenth century Italians out of the competition), and in a class where Tchaikovsky and Mendelssohn (and St. Saëns perhaps) are to be found? These composers of popular concertos have, of course, qualities which do not distinguish Elgar, but has he not advantages of his own over them? Not one of the least of Sir Edward's merits is that he is always himself. He knows what form suits him best, and he is not to be seduced into trying to assimilate the methods of others which may be recommended by the genius of their originators and their "progressiveness." No one in the least acquainted with his earlier work could fail to recognise from whose heart and brain the new Violin Concerto had come. Yet is there no trace of what could justly be called mannerism. Since the "Enigma Variations" it is probable that Sir Edward has written nothing better. The Concerto shows quite as great a mastery of orchestral resource as the symphony, and it shows one feature which raises it higher as a work of dextrous craftsmanship. The composer of no Concerto, perhaps, has been more successful in maintaining a just balance between the claims of the soloist and the orchestra. As in the finest songs, where the voice and the instrument have each their own work to do, but must blend to make the perfect whole, so in this Concerto the functions of soloist and orchestra are managed with such exceeding sense of proportion that the music is as if it came from one great instrument. It is not a symphony with violin accompaniment, and, of course, it has nothing in common with the concertos in which the soloist is the predominant partner. Yet the music given by Elgar to his soloist is of incredible difficulty and exceeding brilliance (it is only due, however, to Herr Kreisler to say that he played it in such a way that, without the score in one's hand, the horrid difficulty of his part would not have been perceived by any but experts). How wonderful, then, it is that this meteoric light which plays amongst the colours of the orchestra should yet seem to belong to it entirely and not to have come from a more supernatural region.

Of the three movements we declare unhesitatingly for the last as the best of all, and this is not the usual rule of classical compositions. In Brahms, especially, the last movement is often the least interesting and the most laboured. Elgar's "thematic material" in the first movement has not quite importance enough, nay, it is a little reminiscent in the first subject (or to be accurate, in the second of the first four brief themes) of the manner of Brahms, and the suave second subject proper is not a little in the way of Grieg. It is superfluous to dwell on the infinite variety with which Elgar plays with these fragments—he does not "develop" them in the ordinary sense—building up with his material a harmonious temple of sound. Dare we say that the melody of the Andante suffers from prettiness? We fear we should too soon weary of hearing it, and the most admirable feature of this movement, to our thinking, is the decorative work given to the soloist. This is always to the point, fanciful, charged with graceful meaning, and never put in merely for "effect" in the bad sense. But the final "Vivace," from its brilliant prelude to its dignified close (Elgar certainly has the secret of fine beginnings and endings), is full of irresistible spirit, and its accompanied Cadenza is by far the most striking portion of the whole work. The first theme is of a simplicity that is almost bald, but it has the note of complete sincerity, and lends itself perfectly to the purposes for which it is needed. The second is a good subject in its way, as Elgar has found, and the ornamentation of it by the solo is particularly strong and good. Were the whole work as striking as the Cadenza we should have hesitated, no doubt, to impugn the wisdom of those who cry "Immortal," for this is indeed a masterpiece of its kind; its new device of "pizzicato-tremolando" is perfectly successful, and its review of earlier themes presents them in the most favourable light.

The Concerto, then, is a work for which its composer may be thanked and congratulated, as credit to British

art. But we need not go into hysterics of joy over it, and cry "Was there ever anything like it in the world?" We have no wish to be ungracious in our reception of a valuable and beautiful composition; still we do feel that our composer may well desire to be saved from the unmeasured panegyrics of some of his admirers.

THE PARISIAN WOMAN OF TO-DAY

THE announcement that Mlle. Marcelle Tinayre, the authoress of the famous novel, "La Maison du Péché," would lecture at Marble Arch House on Thursday evening of last week, brought together a select and distinguished audience. This is the first time anything approaching to an "Université des Lettres Françaises" has been attempted in London, and it seems to be a great success. Under the patronage of M. Cambon and an honorary committee comprising many well-known names, a staff has been formed who lecture every afternoon at 3.30 on various subjects; while once a month a very distinguished French man or woman is to come over and deliver a special lecture. It well repays anyone wishing for further information to go and talk to one of the charming French ladies in their blue Doctors' robes, who remain at the club all day to give information to visitors.

When the audience were all seated on little gilded chairs in an upstairs salon, Mlle. Tinayre took her seat on the platform, and we were amazed to see how young and charming and exquisitely gowned is the authoress of so many widely read novels. She began her lecture by saying that the time had come when all countries were beginning to understand each other better. Before travel had become so general, different nations only saw each other through the smoked-glass of prejudice, and the picture they thus obtained, though literary, was often only a caricature. The country folk of all nations gained their ideas of life, outside their own village, from vaudevilles and bad novels. For instance, the popular idea of the Russian is that he lives all the winter in the snow and eats candles! The Germans are all musicians, or soldiers, who drink beer and devour sauerkraut; the Italian always plays the mandolin, wears a knife, and lives on macaroni; the English live in large rooms, have large teeth and red complexions, and always carry a Bible in their pockets; the Frenchman is always the lover, he is witty and amusing, but not serious at all; and the Parisian woman is attractive, artificial, frivolous, and dangerous, never in her home, never with her husband, never with her children—because she has none, but always to be found in the shops, or at the Moulin Rouge! This is the deformed picture, drawn from no real model, that passes as the Parisian woman of to-day. Mlle. Tinayre then told an amusing story of a young man from Pomerania with pink cheeks, a yellow waistcoat, and a little green hat, whom she was asked to befriend on his first visit to the capital of civilisation. She began conversation by asking him what had most interested him as yet in Paris. "Oh," he said, readily, "the Parisian women." "But," he added, "I was misinformed about them. I was told that it was the custom to speak to any pretty woman in the streets; I tried this, but strange to say, some jeered at my green hat, others hurried on and paid no attention, while the very prettiest of all got red in the face, stamped her foot, and said, 'How dare you? I shall call a gendarme!'" "The really smart, nice women," he continued, "were at a place called the Moulin Rouge, although perhaps for wives and mothers they seem a little too gay and frivolous!" "And I tried for an hour," said Mlle. Tinayre, sadly, "with no success at all, to convince him that the women he admired, and all women of the music-halls in all countries, were never representative of the women of the country."

The talented authoress then went on to say that whole provinces in France were quite unlike each other—no one could accuse the northerners, for instance, of levity; in fact, France had bores to boast of in every province! Bores whom they respected, to whom they gave titles and honours, but to whom they never gave their hearts! These were not, however, the representative Frenchmen of the twentieth century, but men like Anatole France were kindly, wise, only smilingly ironical at times. "We like men who can smile," said Mlle. Tinayre, with one of her own peculiarly sweet ones! "We do not like pedants, or a virtuous severity that no one wants to copy. Virtue should be sure enough of herself to be loving, goodness should smile; but the woman of the world never parades her domestic talents. Why should she go about in society talking of jam-making or croup? Then again," added Mlle. Tinayre, laughing, "I will confess something that may shock you. We novelists are much more interested in bad households than in good; good ones have no adventures, the irregular and catastrophic in human life has more action for a novel! But this is no true idea of the normal woman, all the same. The Frenchwoman is not an angel nor a devil, she is a woman—more woman than any other; not often beautiful, not with the robust northern physique and radiance, yet few are really ugly. She has charm, vivacity, she is well dressed, she is small and thin—as it is the fashion, or fat, if that is 'à la mode,' and it is impossible to say how this is done; perhaps it is the climate!"

In forming a true opinion of Frenchwomen, the lecturer pointed out that it was impossible to speak only of the "femme du monde." She is a type more or less cosmopolitan, and is to be found in the restaurants, at the races, and in the theatres of every capital. The real type of types in Paris, the root of all the other types, containing all their characteristics undeveloped, is to be looked for in the woman at the bottom of the social ladder, of the small shopkeeping class. Just watch the little schoolgirl of Paris, with her long plait, a basket on her arm, and a grave face. She knows that life is not always easy or gay. Already she is a little "mère de ménage," she helps her mother light the fire and mind the children. For in France the parents and children are one, for good or evil—as a rule, for good; and parents love their children. On Sunday in the Bois or Underground you see little family parties, and the child always wears a good hat, sometimes with a feather in it, a very thin one, but still a feather! The father will deprive himself for the wife, and the wife for the child. In France there are very bad marriage laws for women, they have no protection. "But," said Mlle. Tinayre, with a wave of her hand, "we manage very well all the same!" Though no husband will confess it, every wife manages the household entirely, and wonderful managers they are. The workman's name for his wife is "ma patronne," and he neither undertakes nor decides anything without her advice. This is not a little homage for the woman. The Frenchwoman lives by her feminine instinct, there are few Suffragettes, and the feminist movement is something quite different; but all the same, there are a great many independent women in business. (The Bon Marché was founded, for instance, by Madame Boucicault.) The Frenchwoman, although she does not, like the Dutch, dust her furniture all day, is possessed of great practical good sense. She will do her own housework if necessary, make her own dresses, and cook, and then receive her guests, quite the grand lady, at five o'clock for tea. She loves to please, and loves her toilettes, but Mlle. Tinayre declared that she considers this a merit!

"I was talking the other day to Christabel Pankhurst," concluded Mlle. Tinayre, "and I asked her if she did not think that clever women were all the better for being pretty and charming; and she said she thought I was right. But I am afraid she agreed so readily partly because she did not understand French very well!"

PAGEANTS

THE student of human nature, who is rather too ready, if he be of a supercilious turn of mind, to deride the throng which gazes enrapt at a street-procession, may sometimes find his attention arrested by a spontaneous blossoming within his own soul of the pure joy of "looking at things." He discovers, perhaps, that the fine, flaming parabola of a flight of rockets gives him a gasp of pleasure, or that the grim, grey battleship coming down harbour excites him, as a mere spectacle, beyond words; or that a regiment of soldiers marching through the city thrills him unreasonably. True, with him a portion of the unexpected delight is derived from the subtle suggestions of each, from a swiftly linked chain of ideas which he would be puzzled to disentangle, suddenly formed in his brain; but he has to admit, if he is honest, that a great part of it comes from the satisfaction of his sense of sight. As the ear possesses its luxuries of melody and harmony, so the eye has its indulgences of colour and shape, and it is very human and very natural for the disdained man in the street to gather in his thousands when the opportunity of witnessing a pageant presents itself—for, as a rule, the good fellow has little in the way of beauty to feast his vision upon at home. "The trivial round, the common task," do not "furnish all we ought to ask"; we ask unconsciously for beauty, and deny ourselves in order to obtain a glimpse of it. Pageants may be awkward for people who are in a hurry; traffic is disorganised, business temporarily at a standstill; but they embody a good deal of sound common sense. It is sound common sense, for example, simply to let people look at beautiful and splendid things.

The desire to do this is elemental. Allowing for differences of ideal, it appears all the world over, in the savage and in the artist, in the hut-villages of some Pacific archipelago and in the fastidious elegance of a Parisian avenue; but it seems to come to a particularly obvious centre in this island and in this city of London. Possibly by these periodic shows we endeavour to counteract the iniquities of our climate; we certainly challenge the weather-clerk by holding the most important civic pageant in the month of November. However that may be, the custom of providing the populace with a festival of colour (if somewhat of a medley) at the accession of each Lord Mayor is a historic custom which benefits more than it hinders, and pleases more than it offends. Originally beauty may be presumed to have been a secondary idea; the chief tribesman wore his feathered head-dress and his embroidered apron with an eye to dignity first, no doubt; his artistic sensibilities were not his strong point; only when "Ung, a maker of pictures, fashioned an image of snow," and a fury of art for art's sake overtook the innocent nations in embryo did the desire for loveliness mingle with the expression of power. Then the evolution of the decorative procession was easy; once in every cycle of moons the principal medicine-man and other officials, bearing symbols of their craft, would follow the chief round the settlement and finish up with a feed and a big dance—very much in the manner of to-day; and the crowd would shout, and point, and nudge, and go home to its individual wigwams, delighted and distended.

We need not attempt to trace through the dark ages, or through the early centuries of dawning civilisation, the progress of the pageant; but we may glance for a moment at its development in days comparatively near to our own. On the vigil of St. John's Eve, a "marching watch" used to go through the city of London in very elaborate style, carrying hundreds of flaming cressets, numbering in all over two thousand men. "Part of them," says an old record, "were old souldiers, of skill to bee captaines, lieutenants, corporals, etc., wiffers, drummers, and fifes, standard and ensigne-bearers, sword-players, trumpeters on horsebacke, demillaunces on great horses, gunners with

hand-guns, archers in cotes of white fustian, signed on the breaste and backe with the armes of the city, their bowes bent in their hands with sheafes of arrowes by their sides, pike-men in bright corslets, burganets, etc., holbards, the like billmen in almaine rivets, and apens of mayle in great number." Many pageants with morris-dancers attended on this procession, and the constables of the city came out in great force, "in bright harnesse, some overgilt, and every one a jorinet of scarlet thereupon and a chaine of gold, his henchman following him, his minstrels before him, and his cresset-light passing by him." In the year 1539, Henry VIII. forbade this muster of armed men, but Sir John Gresham, who was Lord Mayor in 1548, revived and beautified the custom; it soon however, fell into disuse. The provincial towns did not lag far behind in their observances of Midsummer Eve. A Harleian MS. in the British Museum describes a pageant held at Chester in 1564, wherein "four giants, one unicorn, one dromedary, one camel, one luce, one dragon, and six hobbyhorses" took part. This affair, after a period of eclipse, was revived in the reign of Charles II., and some of the items in the bill of charges are most amusing. "For arniek to put into the paste, to save the giants from being eaten by the rats, one shilling and four pence"; the "four beastes" cost one pound sixteen shillings and fourpence each, and eight men were paid sixteen shillings to carry them round.

The Lord Mayor's pageant of 1687 was particularly gorgeous, perhaps because Sir John Shorter, Kt., belonged to the company of goldsmiths. He caused a representation of St. Dunstan's famous exploit—tweaking the devil's nose—to be mounted and carried in the procession, much to the joy, doubtless, of the assembled citizens. The good saint, who was attired in fine lawn, with a cloth of shining gold reaching to the ground, must have felt rather relieved when it was all over, for there was a real fire and forge close to him, and insurance was not quite such a feature of life in those days as it is now. The "precepts" which were evolved for the better presentment of the annual festival contained interesting clauses. One dated October, 1825, addressed to the Aldermen, urged, among other things, "that you cause Notice to be given to the Inhabitants of your Ward to adorn the Fronts and Balconies of their Houses with their best Hangings or other Ornaments, and that they cause the Streets before their respective Houses to be cleanly swept and well paved and amended, whereof the Scavengers are also to take Notice, and to be warned that they see the same duly and effectually performed. And if any Constable, Beadle, or other Officer shall be found remiss and negligent in their Duty, in not apprehending any offending, they shall be prosecuted for such their Neglect, Default, or Remissness, according to the utmost Severity of the Law."

In the Elizabethan days many occasions were seized as opportune for a pageant. The year 1679 saw a notable cavalcade in London on the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne. Bells were rung from three o'clock in the morning, and at evening, from Moor-gate to Temple Bar, a heterogeneous company of mummers wended their solemn way. At Temple Bar the houses, "with innumerable swarms, seemed to be converted into heaps of men, women, and children, for whose diversion were provided great variety of excellent fireworks." An enormous bonfire was lighted near the Inner Temple gate, and an effigy of the Pope was there burnt "with a prodigious shout that might be heard far beyond Somerset House."

Thus, with fireworks and fanciful dresses, the eyes of all beholders were charmed, and human nature, delighting in display, was satisfied. It seems that at the present day we are not so very differently constituted. The Crystal Palace claims its thousands for pyrotechnic summer evenings; each successive exhibition must spend large amounts of money on glittering fires and explosive coloured rockets; we linger to watch when the soldiers march past our club windows, and we cannot resist a peep at the gilded coaches and decorative paraphernalia of the Lord

Mayor's Show. There may be little reason in it, but nature is above logic; the eyes of the beholder demand their quantum of pleasure, and he probably passes on humming a tune. The other aspect of these affairs—the preservation of an ancient custom—has plenty of satisfactory reasons to support it; but finally and essentially we must go to the primitive instincts of our ancestors if we are to explain thoroughly the fascination of pageants and processions—we love, as they did, to gaze on beautiful and splendid things. Other nations, other people, may smile at our ideas of beauty and splendour (which, admittedly, are sometimes queer); but that is "another story."

EXHIBITIONS

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE winter exhibition of this society is now open in the Gallery at 5A, Pall Mall. One has only to enter the single room into which the whole collection—there are nearly four hundred pictures in all—is gathered to realise afresh the reasonableness of Whistler's horror of crowded galleries, and the difficulty of properly appreciating so many different kinds of work, when it is almost impossible to look at one picture without being conscious of the presence, often incongruous, of that which hangs immediately beside, above, or below it. How one could have wished, for instance, for a whole screen devoted to Mr. Clausen's beautiful "Queenhithe: Foggy Evening" and "The Big Chimneys"—for which alone one would gladly have visited the gallery—with perhaps one or two others.

It is unnecessary to mention individually all the more prominent pictures. Most of the exhibitors are well known and hold recognised positions. There are others, however, whose work varies considerably in style and treatment as well as in artistic value. Strangely enough, Mr. Rackham, as represented here, is one of the most unequal. Some of the Italian sketches might have been done by anybody, but there is a mysterious and poetical "Mill" which is altogether worthy of him. Among the other landscapes from which one or two may be picked out from the several exhibited by each artist may be mentioned Mr. Claude A. Shepperson's "Taw Marsh, Dartmoor," a wind-swept moor with a shepherd driving his flock; "Motive No. 2," a small, delicately touched and sketchy landscape by Mr. R. Thorne-Waite, and Miss Clara Montalba's rich colour impression of "Fishing Boats before S. Giorgio." It may be noted that all Miss Montalba's pictures are seriously marred by their aggressive and unsuitable frames.

Mr. Edwin Alexander exhibits several landscapes, painted with broad, clear washes of colour; first perhaps is the delicately transparent "Ulva Sound." He is most conspicuously represented, however, by his studies of flowers on brown paper. All are delightful, from the few delicate touches of dry grass in "Meadow Brown" to the "Thistle," with its exquisite workmanship. Mr. D. Y. Cameron's landscapes are imaginative and finely touched, but the over-accentuation of some of the shadows, especially in the middle distances, detracts a good deal from their impression.

Among figure subjects there is a notable picture by Mr. Lionel Smythe, "A Bait Digger"—a girl coming across a stretch of wet sand. There is air in the painting of it, and the same quality as in the artist's tiny "Head of a Child." A fine study of sunlight is Mrs. Laura Knight's "The Sun Hat"—a girl standing in the open air. Other interesting exhibits are the designs for a window by Mr. Louis Davis, the late Mr. J. M. Swan's animal studies in chalk, and several small pictures by the late Mr. Holman Hunt; while a place of honour is given to Mr. Frank Cadogan Cowper's small version of a mural painting in the Houses of Parliament.

THE LONDON INSTITUTION

On Monday last, November 14, a most interesting lecture was delivered at the London Institution by Alfred George Temple, Esq., F.S.A., on "The Pre-Raphaelite Movement in England." Before proceeding to his sketch of the work of the three chief originators of this renaissance of art, the lecturer gave a neat summary of the position of painting in this country at the period immediately preceding, pointing out that it was "sound and restrained enough as far as academic conditions were concerned, but lacked fire, passion, and the qualities that reach the heart." Reproductions of several pictures, illustrating this criticism, were thrown on the screen. He then took in turn the art of Millais, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti, and briefly outlined the special attributes of each, digressing very effectively to emphasise the revolution of public opinion which has come to pass since the chorus of derision which greeted the young enthusiasts in their early days. Ruskin's voice was practically the only one raised to encourage them, yet they persevered, and the whole world knows the story of their victory.

Perhaps the part of Mr. Temple's address which pleased his audience most was the eulogy of Holman Hunt, with whom he was personally acquainted. After the "Lorenzo and Isabella" of Millais, the calm symbolism of "The Scapagoat" made a remarkable contrast. The criticism of the lady who observed with regard to another famous painting that "The Light of the World" needed no lantern—a very apt remark, and perfectly reasonable at a first glance—was, of course, disposed of by the distinguished lecturer's detailed explanation of the emblematic meanings to be read into the picture.

Rossetti, "the dominant and insistent spirit of the movement," was ably treated in a masterly little exposition, and although we could have wished for a lengthier allusion to the poetic aspect of his genius, time was limited. Rossetti, said the lecturer, "seemed as if he breathed and moved in other times, centuries ago"; his water-colours "flash like jewels, or glow like fragments of some sunlit window." Not until his death did the public begin to appreciate the wonderful value of his artistic work. The exquisite "Ecce Ancilla Domini" was shown on the screen, greatly to the pleasure of the listeners; indeed, the frequent and admirable lantern-illustrations added much to the interest and elucidation of a charming lecture. The theatre was well filled by a thoroughly attentive and sympathetic gathering, and the impulse to applaud was often too strong to be resisted.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

"La Robe de Laine," by M. Henry Bordeaux, will be specially interesting to English readers, on account of the fact that the author has taken for theme of his novel Tennyson's melancholic ballad, "The Lord of Burleigh." It is curious to read a book inspired, so to say, by one of our poets, and M. Henry Bordeaux has succeeded in rendering in the person of his heroine the same impression of sorrow and despair as is conveyed in the character of the Lord of Burleigh's country bride.

Raymond Cernay, a young Parisian multi-millionaire, passes, returning from Italy in his motor, through a quaint retired part of Savoy, and comes across a very old castle—the château of "La Vierge-aux-Bois"—whose romantic name and aspect enchant him. Seeing it for sale, he is immediately seized by one of those whims he is accustomed to satisfy instantly, and he goes at once to visit the steward of the estate, a retired officer named M. Mairieux, who lives with his family in a pavilion in the castle grounds, and who invites him to lunch. In the afternoon they both drive over to the notary's office in

the neighbouring town, and the deal is concluded. Raymond Cernay then continues his homeward journey towards Paris. But several years later, feeling ill and tired by the effects of Paris life, he suddenly remembers the old castle in Savoy he had bought so recklessly, and he resolves to go and spend some months at the "Virgin of the Woods."

To his surprise he finds that Mairieux's daughter—whose name, by a strange coincidence, is Raymonde, and of whom he had only had a glimpse on his preceding visit—has bloomed into a beautiful young girl, whose pure and thoughtful face immediately attracts him strangely. They see each other often, and take long drives together through the neighbouring woods, which Raymonde teaches her companion to understand and appreciate. Soon Cernay discovers that he is deeply in love with the maiden, and he asks her to become his wife. Raymonde does not answer at once, and when at last she accedes to his request we understand that she does so only because she is sure that she cares greatly for her betrothed, and not on account of the benefits she may derive from such a marriage. The wedding takes place in Savoy, and, touching detail, Raymonde has insisted, in the kindness of her heart, on having her wedding-dress made by the little village dressmaker. So she dons her simple white woollen bridal gown—her "robe de laine"—which causes Cernay a secret mortification when he sees how badly it hangs. However, as none of his friends are present, except one, it is of no consequence; he has not told any of his fine Parisian acquaintance of his marriage, as he fears, in the shallowness and snobbishness of his nature, that there will be gossip when it is known that he has wedded his steward's daughter.

At first all goes well; Cernay loves his young bride, who in turn adores him. But as the novelty wears off, he frets and fumes for Paris. So to Paris they go, and then, alas! for poor Raymonde's happiness. Cernay is again drawn into the foolish, frivolous, useless life of Parisian society (that is to say, of a certain Parisian society). He had hoped his wife would be dazzled and enchanted by the world into which he introduces her, and where her simplicity and beauty are coldly greeted by the fine "mondaines." On the contrary, Raymonde is horrified; all her religious principles, her pure ideas of life, are shocked and wounded by what she sees and hears around her. She is bewildered, sad, unhappy, and well she may be. At first Cernay finds so much innocence entertaining, but after a while it palls upon him, and they become estranged, though Raymonde never utters a word of reproach. She tries even to please her husband by making pitiful efforts to tune herself to the key of the society she lives in, and fails dismally. Cernay meets a young woman whose "wiles and smiles" captivate him, and, though Raymonde knows of her husband's betrayal, she never says a word, but remains to the end a pure, blameless wife, and a devoted mother. At last, however, the moral strain is too great; she succumbs to it, and falls desperately ill. Then Cernay suddenly realises all the harm he has done to the sweet country girl who had trusted so confidently to his love and care; he feels that he ought never to have brought her into the fictitious, corrupt atmosphere of Parisian "vie mondaine," and he is filled with remorse. He takes Raymonde back to the "Vierge-aux-Bois"—back to the woods she ought never to have left—and he devotes himself to her until Death comes to claim his own. Then, knowing it would have been his wife's wish, he has her dressed for her last sleep in her wedding gown, her "robe de laine," and, as a second Lord Burleigh, he comes:—

To look upon her,
And he looked at her and said:
"Bring the dress and put it on her
That she wore when she was wed."
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

M. Henry Bordeaux, though having already written several most interesting works, has undoubtedly surpassed himself in "La Robe de Laine." But has he not perhaps exaggerated Cernay's coldness and cruelty, and by so doing rendered his hero slightly artificial? Is it possible that a man who, as the conclusion of the story proves, really cared so deeply for his wife as to refuse to marry again, and to resolve to remain faithful to her memory, could be so apparently unfeeling, cynical, and blasé whilst witnessing her moral discomfort and anguish? Cernay's character appears to the reader as full of contradictions, and it is not easy to follow his real sentiments. No doubt M. Henry Bordeaux has over-drawn purposely Cernay's character with the "parti pris" of throwing Raymonde particularly in relief. And he is most excusable for so doing, on account of the portrait he has traced of Raymonde, who is certainly one of the fairest conceptions of womanhood created since a long while. It is a positive pleasure, in these days when the fashionable heroine must either be a "coquine" or a "coquette," to meet a type of woman who is virtuous and pure, and who possesses some ideals, without, for that, being conceited or affected.

"Le Pasteur Pauvre" is the posthumous work of the late M. Edouard Rod, the well-known author of "La Vie Privée de Michel Tessier," "L'Ombre s'étend sur la Montagne," etc. In "The Poor Pastor" M. Rod has drawn the character of a poor Swiss clergyman, with the traditional innumerable family, whose passionately faithful nature, and perhaps over-scrupulous conscience, are constantly at war with what ought to be his material interests. Pastor Cauche's charitableness, continual self-sacrifice, kindness, and indulgence are rewarded by his being considered a sort of maniac by his fellow-villagers, and regarded even by his children, at the last, as a rather foolish, over-conscientious old man. Happily for him, Pastor Cauche has a wife, Madeleine, whose faith in the Lord is still firmer and more confident than his own. And, so aided and upheld by her, Pastor Cauche can act according to his conscience to the end, and avoid the ambushes put to his faith, his probity, and his honour by all those whom his honesty prevents arriving at their ends. This artless tale is composed of a series of sketches of Pastor Cauche's painful, unrewarded life, and is written in the clear, sober language so characteristic of M. Edouard Rod's style; and the naïve and rustic story contains, in its very simplicity, some psychological observations noted with a clear-sightedness which is at times almost painful.

M. Louis Delzons' last book, "Le Meilleur Amour," appeared first in serial form in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is a most curious work, and to analyse it thoroughly would require an essay. In a rather stiff and too concise style, M. Delzons describes us the case of Antonin Bideau, a celebrated Parisian surgeon, who, when a student at Clermont Ferrand, shirked a duty he ought to have accomplished. Some years later, when he has reached fame and prosperity, Bideau, who has meanwhile lost both his parents, is, through the hazard of circumstances, brought again into contact with the woman and child whom he abandoned some years before, leaving them, it is true, a goodly sum of money. When he sees Nine, his little girl, Bideau feels what the popular French phrase calls "le cri du sang"—the cry of the blood. In Nine he sees his mother live again, the mother to whom he was so passionately attached. A great tenderness wells up in his heart for the child, which augments the more he sees of her. He resolves to atone for his past fault, and, renouncing thus all possibility of creating himself a family by the ties of marriage, he claims Nine as his own little girl. And, as the mother, Françoise, refuses to give her up, he kidnaps her. There is a stormy scene between him and Françoise, each proclaiming their right of possession of the child. Bideau finally wins his point, and Françoise abdicates all her privileges in order to follow Mèrue, the man she loves, and who cares for her enough to marry her, despite her past.

Bideau's character is cleverly delineated; though not particularly sympathetic, he is the very personification

of the strong, wilful man. Having realised the harm his former egotism has done, and might especially do in the future to Nine, if he does not atone for it, he resolves to do all in his power so that the child—whom he really loves through the great affection he had for his mother—may not suffer on account of his past fault. And thus he proves the ancient adage, "That pure love embalms the heart and drives away the baser instincts." Nine herself, though, seems to us a little hastily sketched; her love for the father she thus meets so unexpectedly, develops too quickly; a child of ten years old possesses already a certain degree of judgment, and is surely no longer influenced simply by the thought of the toys and pleasures her newly found father will procure her. Or can it be that Nine is a shallow nature, incapable of feeling any gratitude? One cannot help coming to this conclusion when one sees in what an off-hand way she detaches herself from Françoise, who, during all those years, has devoted herself to her welfare, doing her best, though in a rather foolish way. Altogether, however, "Le Meilleur Amour" is a strong book in which the author tries to solve the problem of what is the Best or Better Love in life, and he seems to come to the conclusion that the "meilleur amour" is the one which the parents bear to their children, no doubt because such a love contains nearly always some self-sacrifice.

OUR LETTER FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Politics have interfered with the progress of business on the Stock Exchange, and I fear we must await the course of events before we can hope to see any revival. The position is one of great moment, and we are likely to forget all else in the coming struggle.

Last week I called very special attention to Hudson Bay shares, which were round about 108½. They are now nearer 110. I gave my reasons then for believing they would go still higher, and I was justified in that belief. The reason for this rise in Hudson Bays is explained by the fact which I am never tired of pointing out—that is, the great prospects open to Canada, and to the change in its management. Mr. Burbridge, of Harrod's Stores fame, has recently joined the board, and made a tour to Canada. His business capacity is quickly reflected in the price of Hudson Bay shares, and I feel fairly confident that 110 will not stop them. Land values in the West of Canada are rising, and the general outlook is one of great promise. Reports of the fur trade are good, and the developments in Northern Canada are progressing most satisfactorily. The general feeling is very "bullish" as regards Hudson Bays.

The Goldfields report was out last week, and therefore is a thing of the past. It was as good as the market hoped for; perhaps a little better. The company, with its many interests in South Africa, Rhodesia, and West Africa, naturally has its hands full. Its mines have to be worked, and labour with them has been, and still is, a serious question. That they will surmount the difficulty we all believe, but, nevertheless, it is a point one has to take into serious consideration.

We have not heard much lately of West Australia. She has some good mines nevertheless. Take the Great Boulder and Ivanhoe as examples. A new mine has been floated this week, called the Mountain Queen, Limited, with a capital of £125,000 in 10s. shares. The company, I understand, has six mining leases in the Yilgarn goldfield of West Australia, with a total area of 112 acres. It is situated about nineteen miles south of Southern Cross, which is on the main line between Perth and Kalgoorlie.

Brewery shareholders are having a terrible time owing to the present Government's attack upon them. Let us take as an example the chairman's speech at the meeting of Messrs. Noakes and Co., Limited, the well-known brewers. He stated that the ruinous advance in duties which had been levied upon them by the present Government meant an increase of £4,500, and that, out of a total surplus of £54,785, the State took no less than £31,750. However can directors of breweries be expected to pay their shareholders a fair dividend in face of such impositions as this?

A Rhodesian share called Rose of Sharon has been much in evidence during the week. On an important circular just issued, the shares are likely to go higher. The capital of the company is £250,000 in £1 fully-paid shares, and has 130 claims in the Gwelo district.

The Carmen Mines of El Oro held its meeting during the week, Sir R. J. Price, M.P., occupying the chair. He spoke hopefully of finding during the next month or so the great San Rafael vein. Although this was the first ordinary general meeting of the Carmen Mines of El Oro, Limited, the Carmen Mine itself is not a new one, but has been worked by Mexicans for some years, and in its upper levels was a very valuable mine. It is hoped that at depth it will prove even more valuable.

Americans, as I anticipated, have been an active and rising market. Many rumours are afloat as to the reason for buying them. One is that the Harriman stocks are likely to be quoted on the Paris Bourse. In my last week's selection of Union Pacific, Rock Island, and New York Central, I was well on the mark, as they have all had a very substantial rise, which looks like continuing. Steel Commons have also been in demand at 82, and I am strongly advised not to oppose them.

Selling from Berlin caused Canadian Pacifics to shed a dollar or so, the reason being that there was disappointment that no reference was made in the dividend announcement as to a bonus, which was expected. I should not sell Canadian Pacific on this, as I think they have another ten point rise in them.

Rubber remains a steady market, and the sales at Mincing Lane were quite up to expectations, showing an average rise of from 4d. to 6d. per lb. This was reflected by the rise in the better-class shares during the past week or so.

The Home Railway market was better on the good traffic returns of the South-Eastern and Great Eastern, and this improvement extended to the Scotch stocks; and I look upon North British at 30 and Caledonian Deferred at 23½ as good speculative purchases.

Consols are again in the region of 78½. The political situation, of course, does not help them; and, with so many other trustee stocks offering better rates of interest, it is easy to see why they cannot be expected to rise to any great extent.

Mines still hesitate, and business has been extremely limited; and, with so many causes to keep the public out of the market, it is not surprising to see prices fade away. I like to write cheerfully when possible about all things, but the world's unrest is becoming so very pronounced that I am gradually finding myself drifting into a pessimist, but I must shake off such feelings.

I notice our old friend Truth has been registered as a private company, with a capital of £30,000 in £10 shares. It has in the past done good work in showing up wrongdoers and exposing the cover-anatching, bucket-shop merchant.

The run on the Birkbeck Bank, following so soon on the failure of the Charing Cross Bank, was a feature of the week. It has once more shown its strength by withstanding the attack, helped by the support of the Bank of England. There is no doubt that it was the attack of an enemy, and I hope he may be found and brought to justice. The hours of suffering caused by such a run must have been a great strain upon the large number of depositors. It is a fact to note that more than half of the depositors were women, therefore easily alarmed.

Great activity prevails in the Diamond market, the late strike on the Roberts Victor Mine being in a measure responsible. The shaft sunk on this property has now reached fifty feet, and twenty-five loads have yielded eleven carats; prospects, therefore, are good. We are likely to see some flotations of new diamond properties very soon.

Brighton "A's" are considered good for a rise. Traffics are excellent, and the season is looked forward to being better than usual. The London and General Omnibus shares were again in demand, and, as I have previously pointed out, the Ordinary shares are a capital lock-up at to-day's price.—Yours, etc.,

FINANCIAL OBSERVER.

CORRESPONDENCE

"POE AND OTHER POETS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Half a world away, I have read with considerable interest the correspondence, etc., on the subject of Edgar Allan Poe and his poetry that has appeared in your columns.

I am not aware if any remarks have ever been made regarding the origin of "The Raven" as set out in Poe's "Philosophy of Composition." He has given us the steps in its creation so far as he was conscious of them; but, if we are to take his philosophy as earnest, I think there is no doubt whatever that sub-consciousness was at work so far as the versification of the poem is concerned. I should esteem your indulgence if you would allow me to occupy a little space on this subject; and if I am going over ground that has been broken already, I can but apologise, urging distance from centres of thought as some excuse for ignorance.

From such books as I can consult here, I learn that towards the close of 1840 *Graham's Magazine* made its appearance, and Poe was editor until about November, 1842. During this editorship his criticism on the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, afterwards Mrs. Browning, appeared. One poem in the collection appears to have made a deep impression upon Poe—"Lady Geraldine's Courtship." Of this poem he says:—"With the exception of Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall,' we have never perused a poem combining so much of the fiercest passion with so much of the most ethereal fancy as the 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship' of Miss Barrett. We are forced to admit, however, that the latter work is a very palpable imitation of the former, which it surpasses in plot, or, rather, thesis, as much as it falls below it in artistical management, and a certain calm energy—lustrous and indomitable—such as we might imagine in a broad river of molten gold." Later on in the criticism he again speaks of the metrical structure:—"In imitating the rhythm of 'Locksley Hall,' the poetess has preserved with accuracy (so far as mere syllables are concerned) the forcible line of seven trochees with a final caesura. The 'double rhymes' have only the force of a single long syllable—a caesura; but the natural rhythmical division, occurring at the close of the fourth trochee, should never be forced to occur, as Miss Barrett constantly forces it, in the middle of a word, or of an indivisible phrase. If it do so occur, we must sacrifice, in perusal, either the sense or the rhythm. If she will consider, too, that this line of seven trochees and a caesura is nothing more than two lines written in one—a line of four trochees, succeeded by one of three trochees and a caesura—she will at once see how unwise she has been in composing her poem in quatrains of the long line with alternate rhymes, instead of immediate ones, as in the case of 'Locksley Hall.' The result is, that the ear, expecting the rhymes before they occur, does not appreciate them when they do. . . . Now, so unhappy are these metrical defects—of so much importance do we take them to be, that we do not hesitate in declaring the general inferiority of the poem to its prototype to be altogether chargeable to them. With equal rhythm 'Lady Geraldine' had been far, very far the superior poem."

Now for an illuminating quotation from "Lady Geraldine":

"'Eyes,' he said, 'now throbbing through me! are ye eyes that did unto me!
Shining eyes like antique jewels set in Parian statue-stone!
Underneath that calm white forehead, are ye ever burning
torrid,
O'er the desolate sand-desert of my heart and life undone?'
'With a murmurous stir, uncertain, in the air, the purple
curtain
Swelleth in and swelleth out around her motionless pale
brows;
While the gliding of the river sends a rippling noise for ever
Through the open casement whitened by the moonlight's
slant repose.
'Said he:—'Vision of a lady! stand there silent, stand there
steady!
Now I see it plainly, plainly; now I cannot hope or doubt—
There, the cheeks of calm expression—there, the lips of silent
passion,
Curved like an archer's bow, to send the bitter arrows out.'
'Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling—
And approached him slowly, slowly, in a gliding, measured
pace;
With her two white hands extended, as if praying one
offended,
And a look of supplication, gazing earnest in his face.'"

And now, from "The Raven," take the stanza which Poe says was the first one written—the stanza that was to form the climax of the poem:—

"'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or
devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both
adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore!'"

Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'"

"The Raven" first appeared in Colton's *American Review* for February, 1845, signed "Quarles." It was therefore probably written in the latter part of 1844: it is most improbable that it could have been written at all near the period when he condemned Miss Barrett's versification. Speaking of the above stanza, Poe says:—"I composed this stanza, at this point, first that, by establishing the climax, I might the better vary and

graduate, as regards seriousness and importance, the preceding queries of the lover—and, secondly, that I might definitely settle the rhythm, the metre, and the length and general arrangement of the stanza And here I may as well say a few words of the versification. My first object (as usual) was originality. The extent to which this has been neglected, in versification, is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. Admitting that there is little possibility of variety in mere rhythm, it is still clear that the possible varieties of metre and stanza are absolutely infinite, and yet, for centuries, no man, in verse, has ever done, or ever seemed to think of doing, an original thing The italics are Poe's; and he goes on:—"Of course, I pretend to no originality in either the rhythm or metre of the 'Raven' . . . each of these lines taken individually has been employed before, and what originality the 'Raven' has, is in their combination into stanza; nothing even remotely approaching this combination has ever been attempted

Here is an amazing *volte-face*. He claims as original, and extols, a stanza whose versification he most severely censured in Miss Barrett's poem; and so far is the stanza from being original, that Poe has only to add a touch in the way of a third rhyme, which is absent in Miss Barrett's, to put the stanza back hundreds of years. Remembering that he says above that each long line is really two lines, we may divide the third and fourth lines of his stanza and obtain:—

"Tell this soul with sorrow laden,
If, within the distant Aldenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore."

Has not this a most familiar ring?

"Jucundare, plebs fidelis,
Cujus Pater est in coelis,
Recoleus Ezechielis
Prophetæ præconia: "

He has arisen, and gone to his fathers.

The only unusual feature about Poe's stanza is the repetition of the last full line; the device has been used before, however, as also the refrain. It is by slightly varied iteration that Poe obtained his weird and grotesque effects; but this mannerism can hardly be dignified with the name of originality.

As regards his remarks that for centuries, no man, in verse, has done an original thing, some reason should surely have suggested itself to him other than unwillingness in writers towards originality. The reason is, of course, that the metrical standard, the length of line, of poetry, has long been fixed by natural law. I suggested this law in your columns some months since.

It is hard to believe that Poe is altogether serious in his "Philosophy of Composition." He was fond of hoaxes. Is this philosophy a saturnine post-humous hoax? It is surely almost as difficult for a poet to remember the varying phases of a poem as for a parent to remember the past features of a growing child.

—Yours very truly,

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN.

Box 104, P.O., Christchurch, New Zealand.

September 30, 1910.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

- Obiter Dicta*. By Augustine Birrell. First and Second Series complete. Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.
- The Annals of the Parish, or the Chronicles of Dalmailing during the Ministry of the Rev. Micah Balwhidder, written by Himself*. Arranged and Edited by John Galt. Illustrated in Colour by Henry W. Kerr, R.S.A. T. N. Foulis. 5s. net.
- English Country Life*. By Walter Raymond. Illustrated in Colour from Water-Colour Drawings by Wilfrid Ball, R.E. T. N. Foulis. 5s. net.
- The Wonders of the World*. Part III. Hutchinson and Co. 7d. net.
- The Views of "Vanoc": An Englishman's Outlook*. By Arnold White. Kegan Paul and Co. 5s. net.
- A Shadowed Paradise*. By Mark Sale. Andrew Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.
- Economic Prejudices*. By Yves Guyot. Translated by Fred Rothwell. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 2s. 6d.
- The Health Resorts of Europe. A Medical and Popular Guide to the Mineral Springs, Climatic, Mountain and Seaside Health Resorts, Hydropathics and Sanatoria of Europe*. By Thomas Linn, M.D. Edited by A. C. Glynn Grylls, M.A., F.R.G.S. 18th Edition. Reynold's-Ball's Guides. 2s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

- The Earliest Sources for the Life of Jesus*. By F. Crawford Burkitt, M.A., D.D. Constable and Co. 1s. net.
- The Gospel of Jesus the Son of God: An Interpretation for the Modern Man*. By George William Knox. Constable and Co. 1s. net.
- The Sunshine of Everyday Life*. By Flora Lucy Freeman. With a Preface by the Rev. C. H. Sharpe, M.A. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. 6d. net.
- The Discovery of the Book of the Law Under King Josiah. An Egyptian Interpretation of the Biblical Account*. By Edouard Naville, Member of the Institute of France. Translated by M. L. McClure. With an Introduction by Professor Sayce. S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

- Labour in Irish History*. By James Connolly. Maunsell and Co., Dublin. 2s. 6d. net.
- Ships and Men*. By David Hannay. Illustrated. Blackwood and Sons. 6s. net.
- The Emancipation of English Women*. By W. Lyon Bleasde. Constable and Co. 6s. net.
- The Old North Trail, or Life, Legends and Religion of the Black-foot Indians*. By Walter McClintock. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 15s. net.
- The Romance of a Great Singer: A Memoir of Mario*. By Mrs. Godfrey Pearce and Frank Hird. Illustrated. Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.
- The Rise of the London Money Market, 1640-1826*. By W. R. Blashop, LL.D. With a Preface by H. S. Foxwell, M.A. P. S. King and Son. 5s. net.
- Modern Socialism in its Historical Development*. By Dr. M. Tugan-Baranowsky. Translated from the Russian by M. T. Redmount. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 3s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL

- English Synonyms Explained and Illustrated*. By J. H. A. Günther. Second Edition. J. B. Wolters, Groningen, The Netherlands. 2 florins 9 cents.
- Well-Known Piano Solos. How to Play them with Understanding, Expression and Effect*. (Third Series.) By Charles W. Wilkinson. Wm. Reeves. 1s.

FICTION

- Fancy Farm*. By Neil Munro. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.
- The Garden of Shadows*. By James MacNab. Gowans and Gray. 2s. 6d. net.
- A Gentleman of Leisure*. By P. G. Wodehouse. Alston Rivers. 6s.
- The Revolt at Roskelly's*. By William Oaine. Greening and Co. 6s.
- The Girl's Head*. By Edgar Jepson. Portrait Frontispiece in Colour. Greening and Co. 6s.
- Princess Flower Hat: A Comedy from the Perplexity Book of Barbara, the Commuter's Wife*. By Mabel Osgood Wright. Macmillan and Co. 6s.

VERSE

- Poems*. By Christina Rossetti. Illustrated by Florence Harrison. With an Introduction by Alice Meynell. Blackie and Son. 15s. net.
- The Temple of Beauty: An Anthology*. By Alfred Noyes. Andrew Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.
- Paradox, and Other Poems*. By Theda Fitzwilliam. Arthur H. Stockwell. 1s.
- Vision, and Other Verse*. By Charles H. Pritchard. Arthur H. Stockwell.

JUVENILE

- Pam and Billy, a Christmas Story*. By Brenda Girvin. Illustrated by Horace Quick. George Allen and Sons. 3s. 6d.
- A Royal Story Book*. By H.M. the Queen of Roumania, "Carmen Sylva." Illustrated. Digby, Long and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
- The Three Mulla-Mulgars*. By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated. Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.
- The Story of Mother Goose, also of her Son Jack, and of the Goose that laid the Golden Egg*. Illustrated by Frank Adams. Blackie and Son. 2s.
- Greta's Domain, a Tale of Chiloé*. By Bessie Marchant. Illustrated by W. Rainey, R.I. Blackie and Son. 3s. 6d.
- The Playmate, a Christmas Mystery*. By Mabel Dearmer. Illustrated by Helen Stratton. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. net.
- Our Happy Home Book: Stories and Pictures for Little Folk*. Blackie and Son. 1s. 6d.

PERIODICALS

- The Japan Magazine, a Representative Monthly of Things Japanese; Revue Bleue; Publishers' Circular; The Book-seller; Scotia; The American Historical Review; Tourist Magazine; Cambridge University Reporter.*

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That on WEDNESDAY, 29th of March next, the Senate will proceed to elect Examiners in the following departments for the year 1911-12.

A.—FOR EXAMINATIONS ABOVE THE MATRICULATION.
Faculty of Theology.—One in Theology
Faculty of Arts and Faculty of Sciences.—One in Agriculture, one in Latin, one in English, one in Modern History, one in French, one in German, one in Geology and Physical Geography.

Faculty of Laws.—One in Jurisprudence, Roman Law, Principles of Legislation and International Law, one in Equity and Real and Personal Property, one in Common Law and Law and Principles of Evidence, one in English Constitutional Law and its History and the History of English Law.

Faculty of Music.—One in music.
Faculty of Economics.—One in Economics, one in British Constitution, one in Public Administration and Finance.

B.—FOR THE INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION, FINAL EXAMINATION, OR BOTH EXAMINATIONS.
Faculty of Arts and Faculty of Sciences.—Two in Mathematics, one in Philosophy, one in Chemistry, one in Botany, one in Zoology.

C.—FOR THE INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATIONS ONLY.
Faculty of Arts and Faculty of Theology.—One in Philosophy for 1910-11.

Full particulars of the Remuneration of each Examination can be obtained on application to the Principal. Candidates must send in their names to the Principal, with any attestation of their qualifications they may think desirable, on or before Saturday, November 19th. (It is particularly desired by the Senate that no application of any kind be made to the individual Members.)

If testimonials are submitted, three copies at least of each should be sent. Original testimonials should not be forwarded in any case. If more than one Examination is applied for, a separate complete application, with copies of testimonials, if any, must be forwarded in respect of each.

University of London,
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SWEET—AND FORTY:

A Ballad of the Current Heroine (with Apologies to Gilbert)—C. E. Byles.

OUT IN THE FAR WEST:

What is really read in Wooden Shack and Log Cabin—Violet Stubbs.

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A LONDON LETTER:

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NEW NOVELS OF NOTE:

Reviews of Some Popular October Stories.

BEACONSFIELD:

An Impression of the "Book of the Autumn."

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY:

Particulars of Interesting Volumes Likely to be Published this Month.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH:

A Chronicle of the Noteworthy Publications of October, with a Reviewing Commentary.

THE PERIODICALS:

Contents of some November Reviews and Magazines.

Illustrated Supplement: **BOOKS OF THE DAY IN PORTRAIT AND PICTURE.**

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